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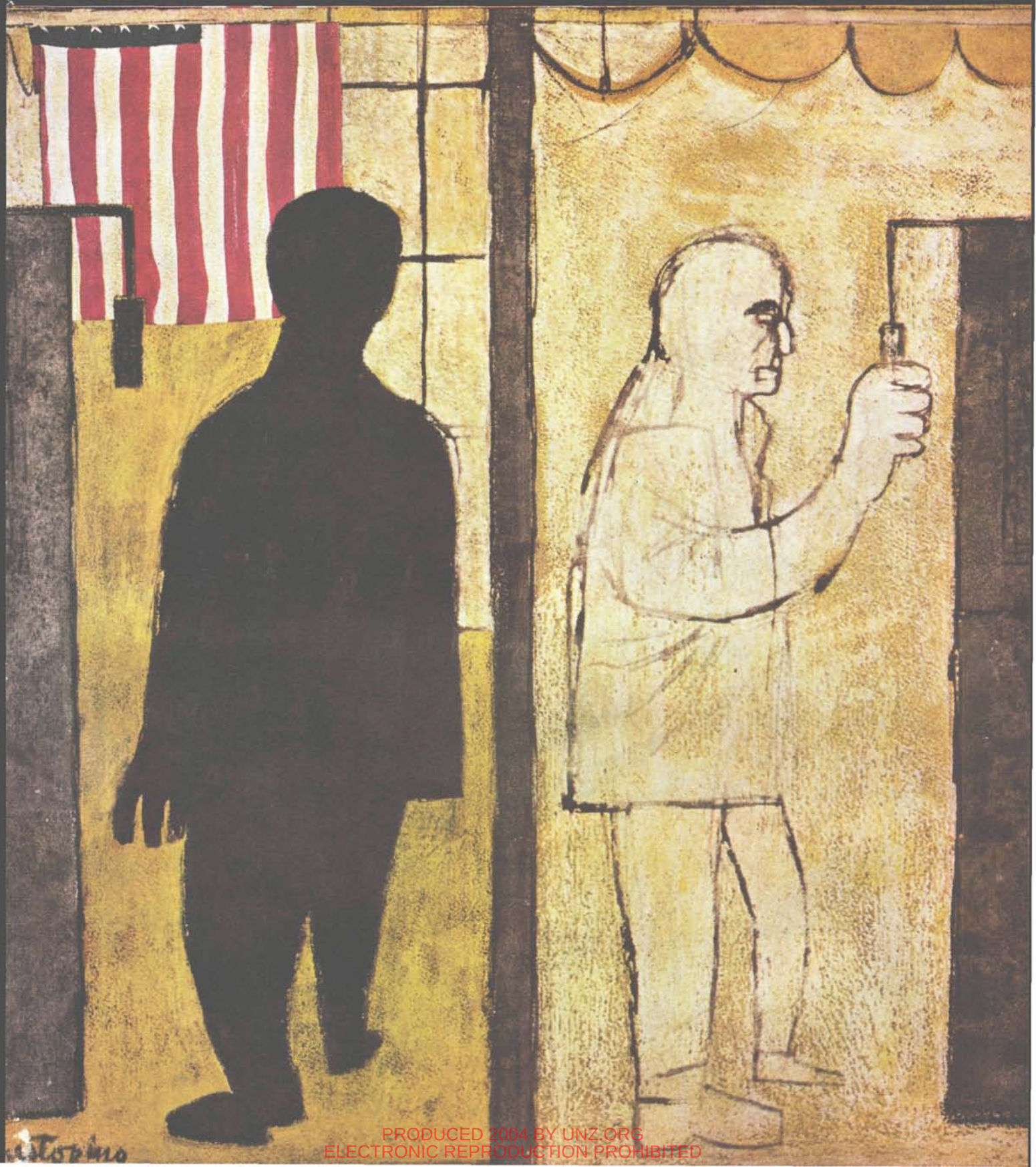

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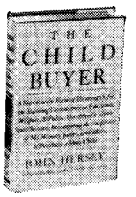

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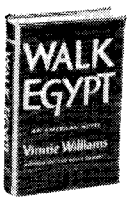

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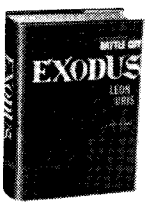

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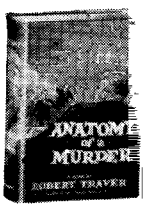

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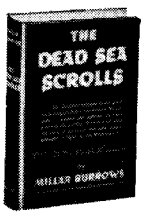

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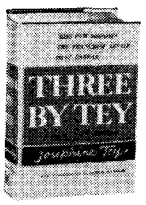

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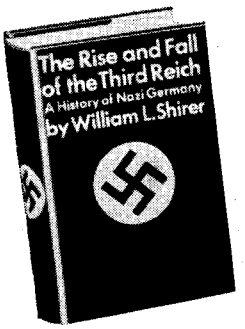

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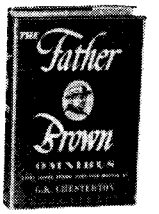

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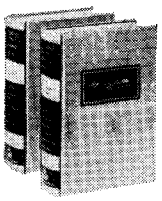

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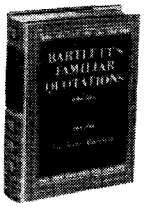

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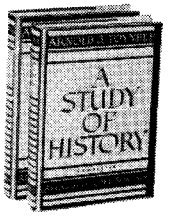

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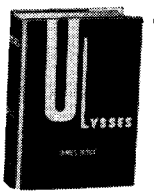

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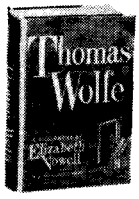

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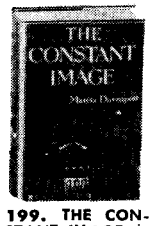

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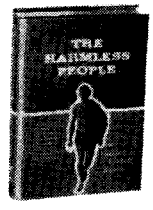

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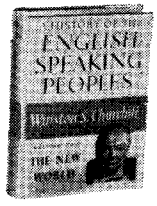

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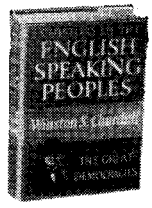

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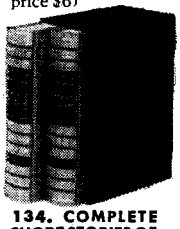

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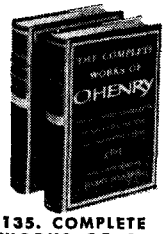

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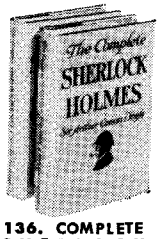

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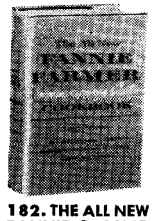

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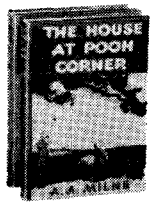

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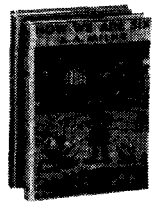

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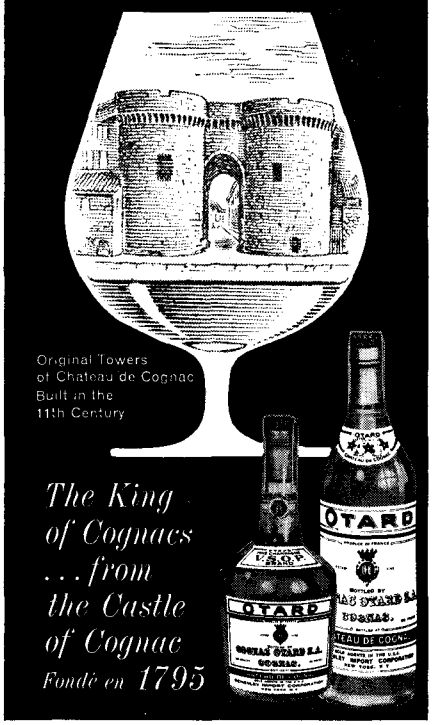

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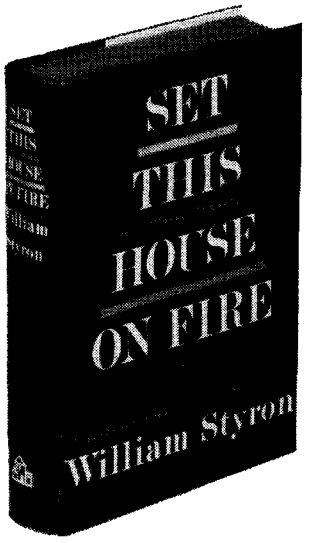

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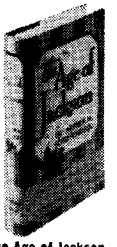

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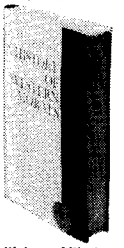

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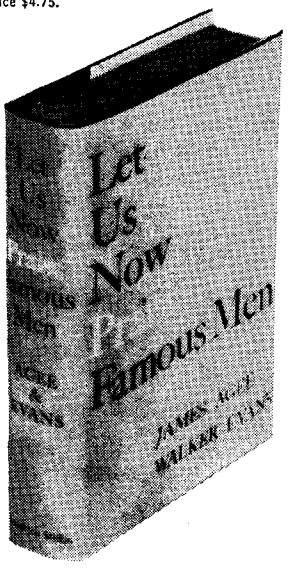

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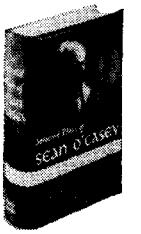

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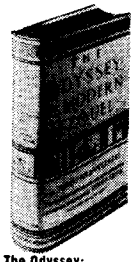

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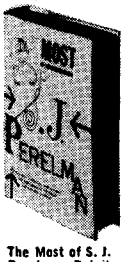

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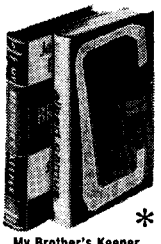

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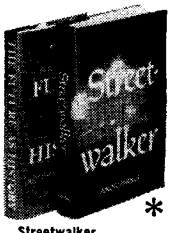

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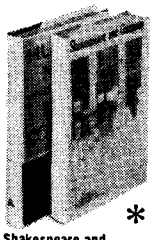

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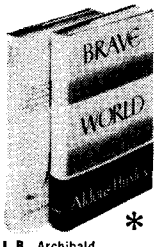

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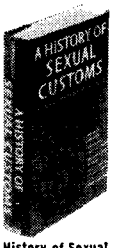

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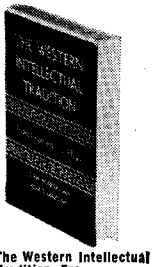

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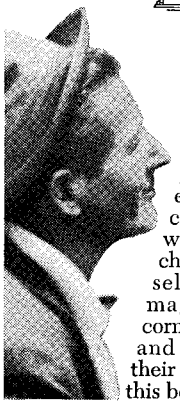

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THIS ISSUE will reach a large number of our readers shortly after Election Day. In our next issue the returns will be discussed; this time **Max Ascoli** feels like thinking out loud about the campaign while awaiting the outcome. His decided preference for Kennedy has survived the test of the four Great Debates, and he is even ready to endure the test of a fifth. But certainly neither he nor our Washington Editor **Douglass Cater** has particularly enjoyed this new device of electioneering. Mr. Cater has followed both the Kennedy and the Nixon campaigns very closely and was chosen to be one of the reporters on the panel for the third debate. As far as *The Reporter* is concerned, the electoral season is over: the long election night has begun.

WE TAKE ADVANTAGE of this pause to look into the situation in Africa. In contrast to the Great Debaters, we are not exactly obsessed by Africa but certainly we think that what has happened in that continent is worth studying from many sides. We start with the Communists, whose leaders have shown more than a passing interest in African affairs. While Premier Khrushchev was banging his shoe on his desk at the U.N. General Assembly, his restive Chinese allies were indulging in some rather more subtle footwork behind his back—in company with Ferhat Abbas, head of the provisional government of the republic of Algeria. **Isaac Deutscher** discusses this new center of the Moscow-Peking rivalry. Maybe "rivalry" is not quite the word, but it does look as if here too the Chinese were acting as leaders of His Majesty Nikita's loyal opposition. . . . Kenya is to approach independence gradually. At next year's elections the Africans are assured of a political majority in their new parliament, but the British governor and his cabinet are to retain the ultimate executive power. **Gordon Shepherd,** Central European correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph,* reports on what Kenya's leaders, black and white, think of this seemingly illogical solution to a patently illogical situation. . . . China's deals with Guinea are part of an undisguised attempt to establish a Chinese beachhead in Africa. **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who sends us regular reports from the Far East, agrees with the Peking *People's Daily* that Guinean President Sékou Touré's visit to Peking was "a momentous event . . . in the history of relations between China and Africa." . . . For all Touré's protestations that he and his country are "misunderstood" in the West, **Lloyd M. Garrison,** a free-lance writer recently returned from Africa, found ample evidence in Guinea's capital a few weeks ago of a close understanding between the Guinean "strong man" and the Communist countries. . . . **W. A. Lewis,** principal of the University College of the West Indies in Jamaica, presents his own assessment of African neutralism. His observations are based on long experience: Until this March he was assistant managing director of the U.N. Special Fund under Paul Hoffman; he has also served as consultant to the Gold Coast and Western Nigerian governments and, for two years beginning in October, 1957, as adviser to Kwame Nkrumah. Mr. Lewis is the author of *The Theory of Economic Growth,* which has been translated into many languages and is regarded as a standard textbook in economics.

Marya Mannes has just returned from a visit to the Soviet Union. . . . **John Rosselli,** author of *Lord William Bentinck and the British Occupation in Sicily* (Cambridge), discusses the work of a young Englishman who has the rare ability to write of his native "brick streets" without self-consciousness. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** a frequent contributor, returns to his movie beat. . . . **Albert Bush-Brown** is associate professor and executive officer at the School of Architecture and Planning, M.I.T. . . . **Ralph McGill** is publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution.* . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith's** most recent book is *The Liberal Hour* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . **Hilton Kramer** is editor of *Arts.* . . . **Ann Birstein** is the author of *The Trouble Maker* (Dodd, Mead).

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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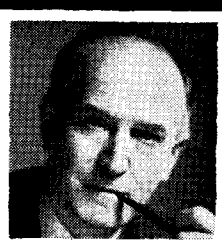

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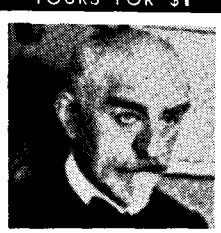

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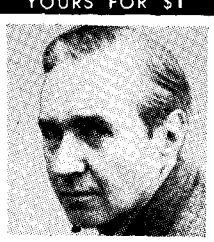

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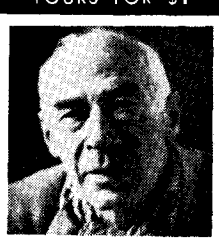

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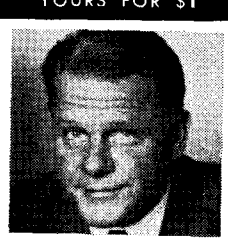

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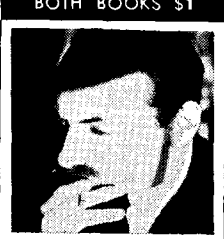

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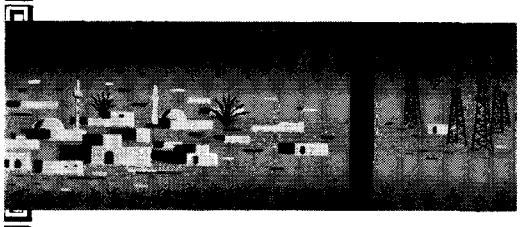

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KENNEDY AND THE CLERGY

To the Editor: Let me add my voice of appreciation to what will undoubtedly be a similar reaction among countless Protestant ministers for the Reverend John W. Turnbull's description of the inquisition of Senator Kennedy by the Houston Ministerial Association ("The Clergy Faces Mr. Kennedy," *The Reporter,* October 13). Dr. Turnbull has laid his hand on the fact of paramount importance that Protestants are more on trial than is the possibility of the Pope's taking over the White House.

REV. ROBERT KEEVER
Immanuel Presbyterian Church
Langley-McLean, Virginia

To the Editor: The article by the Reverend John Turnbull of Austin seems a most pathetic reaction to the Houston meeting. The whole tone of the article suggests to the reader that the only real cause for remorse on the part of the writer is that Senator Kennedy acquitted himself so well as to make the gathered clergy look a little pale by comparison. Their pride suffered.

In fact, however, the Houston meeting did the senator and the nation a great service. There were issues of moment that needed to be clarified and faced. This was done in what was generally a reasonable and responsible manner. The great danger was, as Howard K. Smith pointed out, that this issue would assume undue proportions by being left in the half-light of submerged prejudice and partial awareness. To be sure, such encounters are often distasteful because they seem to coincide with the attacks of the bigots, but they are no less necessary on that score.

If this relatively minor issue has been laid to rest, then the Houston meeting deserves a large share of the credit.

REV. JAMES P. SHERMAN
First Congregational Church
Charlevoix, Michigan

BRITISH LABOUR

To the Editor: The penetrating analysis by Mr. George Steiner of "The Decline of the Labour Party" (*The Reporter,* September 29) is marred only by one error and one omission.

In the first case, he seems to mistake the natural consequences of a prosperous society, organized under capitalism, as being something peculiar to America. Thus it follows that when any society achieves the pleasures and difficulties of high consumption and prosperity it is becoming Americanized. Surely the capitalist theorists, of whatever nationality, envisage TV sets, Mixmasters, cheap cars, and the general accouterments of a high standard of living as the normal evolution of a capitalist economy.

Secondly, he omits to account for that mystique in British politics, the

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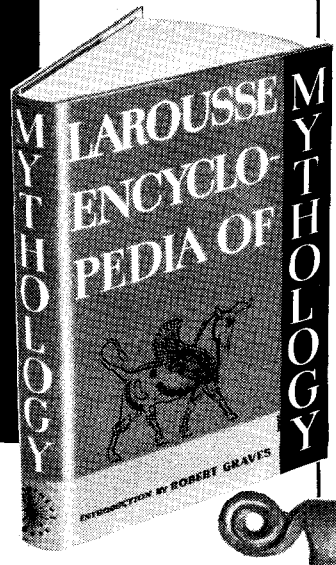

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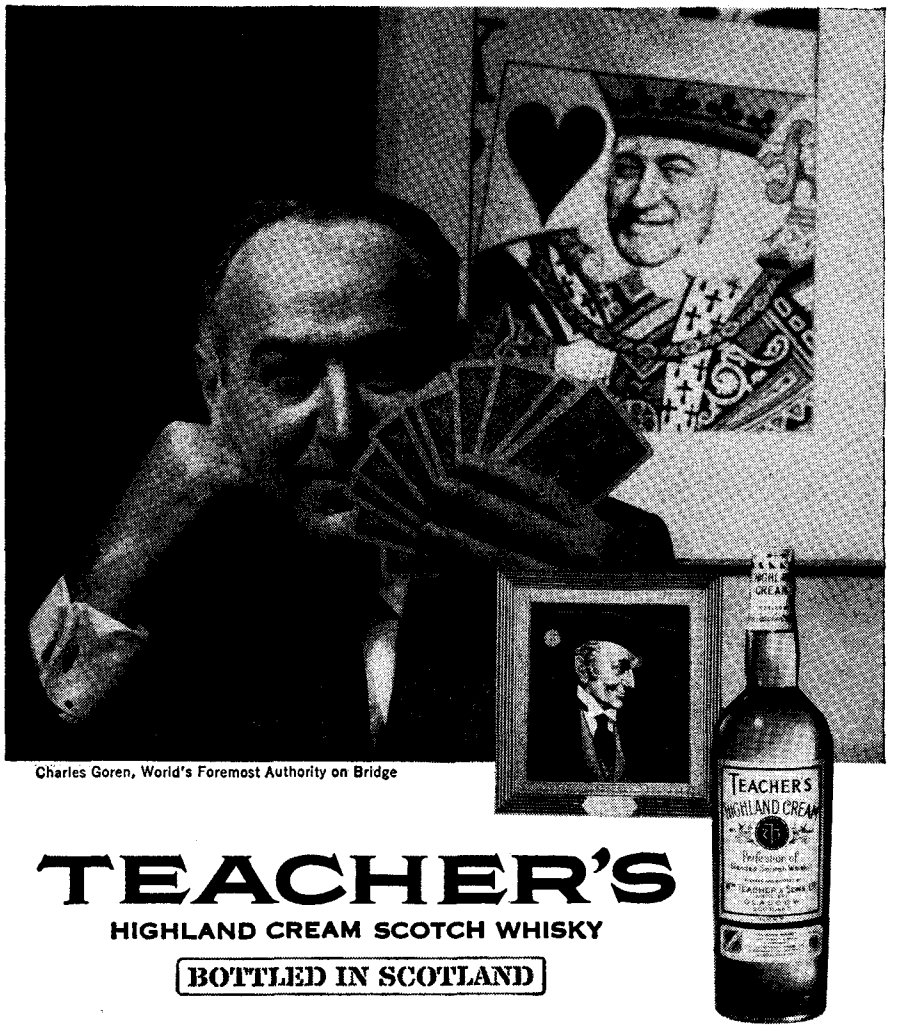

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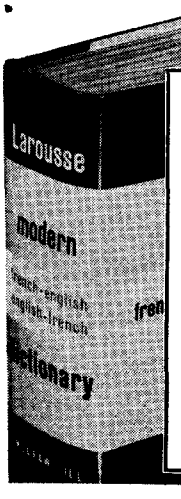

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Establishment. "Socialism is the creed of the old," says Mr. Steiner, and points to the lack of youth among Labour's leaders and voters. The reason for this, he continues, is that the political creed of the socialists was unattractive to the youth liberated from the dismal past depicted by the Labour ethos. Unattractive as the present Labour Party image may be, this was not the sole reason for the decline of youth in Labour. The fact was that the Establishment opened its doors to the young middle-class and working-class graduates who were the "new elite." The Establishment's invitation of "Come in but have our values" was too tempting for these upstarts, so they bought the old school tie, took elocution lessons, and became the new bright young things of the Fringe Establishment. Some remained outside and threw mud at the new spongelike form of the old Establishment; this group, epitomized by playwright John Osborne, has now suffered a similar eclipse.

Thus, while Professor Titmuss tells us of our irresponsibility, Professor Galbraith of the "corporate" danger, and Mr. Packard of our social waste, socialism, a possible answer to some of these problems, produces almost the same traumatic effect in Britain as in the United States. One might well mourn the death of this sobering influence on an exuberant society.

J. W. J. Harrod
Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editor: May I as a visiting Englishman say how much I enjoyed George Steiner's article? I am sure it contains a good deal of truth—but some fiction. Mr. Steiner in his anxiety to clinch a good case exaggerates the gloom of Englishmen in the past and the puritanism of the Labour Party itself.

The English working class has never been so depressed or depressing as he makes out. You will not get to know it by reading D. H. Lawrence and certainly not George Orwell, who never so much as scratched the skin of one of those queer people he wanted to be friendly with at the same time he was giving them a clinical examination. The English working classes are a great variety of people; they are not "masses," not yet anyway, but very much individuals. Few generalizations about them carry much conviction, but I would venture this one: that they were never so glum, whether politically conscious or not, as Mr. Steiner seems to think. These people have always had sources of happiness that will not be found in the jumbo-sized cornucopias of the Tory Party.

Ivan Roots
Lafayette College
Easton, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: George Steiner's view of "The Decline of the Labour Party" is a rare old muddle—though exciting. May I, both as a political scientist and a persistent dead-center man in the British

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Labour Party, be more dull? First, what is this panic about? Have people suddenly realized that the Labour Party has only won a working majority once in this century? It is, alas, the normal opposition party. (Do two-party systems *necessarily* alternate?). But its forty-four per cent is remarkably solid.

Secondly, at no period in the party's history has internal strife not thriven—always generously reported by the Conservative press. (Even with the Conservatives in power, reportage centers on Labour, ignoring that struggle for succession which has dumped a great amateur cricketer, the Earl of Home, on the world as British Foreign Secretary, to keep an able man out.)

Thirdly, Mr. Steiner accepts far too readily what is both the Tory and the left-wing stereotype of the Labour Party. "Ideological parties," he says, cannot change "fundamental ideas without losing their identity." But the Labour Party plainly is not ideological—that's what the row is all about. Its "fundamental" political strength (I'm not an authority on "ideas") arises from what it was founded to be—the representative in Parliament of the diverse interests of organized labor. Labor, certainly, has needed the talent of the socialists, but it is pure silliness to think that the Labour Party has ever been simply socialist.

It will survive. Some of us have tough nerves.

BERNARD CRICK
Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE BELGIANS AND AFTER

To the Editor: I wish to commend Claire Sterling for the general tone of her article ("Why the Belgians Failed," *The Reporter,* October 13) and the obvious effort made to present the case in all fairness and also after due investigation not only in the offices of Mr. Patrice Lumumba but also in Brussels.

Naturally, as a Belgian, I cannot be happy about the title. Did the Belgians really fail? Can we be held responsible for a character like Lumumba? He is a national calamity, to be compared, if small things may be compared to large ones, to Mussolini and Hitler. It takes time to destroy such characters. The convulsions will probably not cease for some time; but whatever the future may bring, the Belgians will be able to point to the Congo and say, "We built this country."

Years ago, on a dark night, I was lost on a bumpy country road in the Walloon country. I finally met a farmer and asked him for directions. He told me about the road, saying that it was a very old one and he added with a note of respect: "*Les Romains ont passé par là.*" The Belgians trust that, many centuries from now, the Congolese will say, "The Belgians were around here."

JAN-ALBERT GORIS
Commissioner of Information
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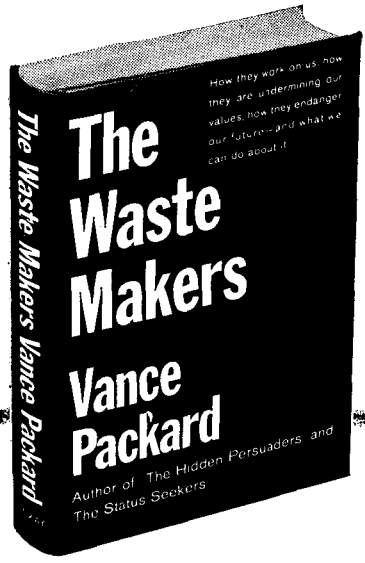
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Bishop of Ponce

As if we hadn't had enough in our own campaign of the religious issue, of anti-Catholic fanaticism, and of anti-anti-Catholic counterfanaticism, now we have a clerical political party for the first time established on American soil, and we have a Catholic bishop who seems to have been conjured up by some of our bitterest Catholic-baiters. We have in mind, of course, the Right Reverend James E. McManus, Bishop of Ponce, who, together with his two fellow bishops on the island, has undertaken the task of telling the Puerto Rican Catholics how they have to vote, and has gone so far as to warn them that if they vote for Governor Luis Muñoz Marín's party they are guilty of willful disobedience, and thus sinners.

We hasten to add that all we know about Bishop McManus is what we have read in the papers. He must be a singularly impressive man, a forceful shepherd who has brought to Puerto Rico, where he has been working since 1929, the tireless militancy of his native Brooklyn. According to what we have read, he has done remarkable things for his diocese, established a Catholic university, and contributed in his own way, for his own ends, to that amazing revival of Puerto Rico which will be forever linked to the name of Governor Muñoz Marín.

Disinclined as we are to get into theological hot water, we are inclined to think that Bishop McManus has rendered a service to Muñoz Marín. In a Latin country, anti-clericalism is always latent, and it only needs a little clerical interference in political affairs to acquire new and vigorous growth. This is an old, old story that may be, for some valid reasons, not so well known in Brooklyn or in Ireland as it is in Italy, where for more than a thousand years the Popes held temporal power. There has scarcely ever been a Catholic as devout as Dante, or a more resolute enemy of the Church in politics. In the *Inferno* he found all the Popes he had ever had anything to do with, and addressed them with Trumanesque vigor.

According to all reports, Muñoz Marín has never been so popular, so truly loved by his people as he is now. He deserves that popularity; and surely no harm has been done if Bishop McManus has greatly enhanced it.

A NUMBER of high ecclesiastical authorities have been drawn into the McManus controversy, including Cardinal Spellman and unnamed authorities at the Vatican. The variety of opinion among all these spokesmen for the Catholic Church has been truly remarkable. From the Vatican has come the statement that bishops have not only the right but also the duty, when they feel like it, to intervene in temporal matters. Or in other words, if they feel like it, right and duty can remain dormant. Cardinal Spellman does not seem to have been particularly happy with the behavior of Bishop McManus, and even one of his two Puerto Rican colleagues, Archbishop James P. Davis, seems to be in disagreement with Bishop McManus on the ques-

AFTER THE EIGHTH

Half of the people will be low,
  Half of the people high;
The wind of change is bound to blow
  Whether they beam or sigh.

All of the speeches, all the claims
  Count for nothing now.
People have had their fill of Aims;
  They wait for When and How.

All of the world is waiting too
  With fearful breath to see
Whether we know what we must do
  And are as we must be.

—SEC

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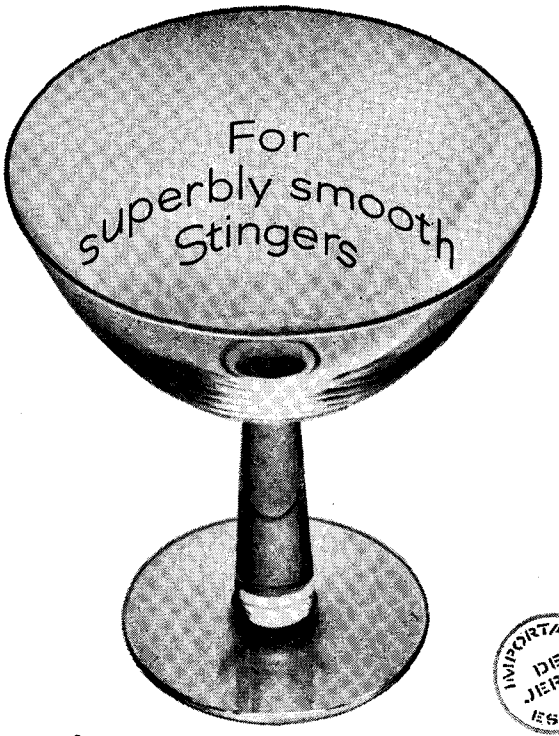

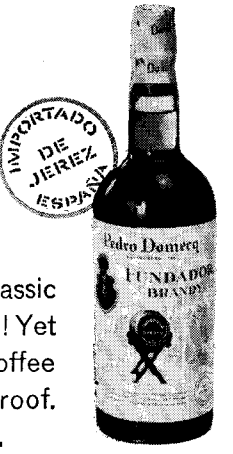

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Puzzle #18

E	S	C	A	P	E		O	F	V	I	P	E	R	S
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Acrostician—

DR. JONAS E. SALK

tion of the sinfulness of voting for Muñoz Marín.

All this simply proves what so many people in our country, in this torrid period of anti-Catholic controversy, have forgotten, or maybe never known. Simply stated, it is that the Catholic Church is an immensely pluralistic organization. Each bishop enjoys a very broad range of autonomy, an autonomy that has been greatly enlarged by Pope John XXIII. The notion of a Catholic Comintern, and of a Vatican ruling over the faithful à la Kremlin—all this is plain lunacy.

There is a good chance now that this idea may get across to a number of people hitherto misinformed or uninformed. If this happens, it will be all to the good of Jack Kennedy, Muñoz Marín, and even the Catholic Church, to which, come to think of it, Bishop McManus may have rendered a service.

The Microcosm

While the two young candidates for Congress debated the issues before a Hadassah meeting in Manhattan not long ago, the easily distracted ladies nodded and smiled among themselves at the mention of something good ("Franklin Roosevelt"), fussed with their enormous handbags at the mention of something complex ("multilateral loans administered through the United Nations"), and appeared generally to view the proceedings as a difficult choice between two equally acceptable sons-in-law. "They're both good," they said. "And so smart," they added, expressing a widespread sentiment among voters in New York's Seventeenth District, where Republican Representative John V. Lindsay and Democratic-Liberal candidate William J. vanden Heuvel have been battling to represent what is probably the wealthiest, most heterogeneous, and most politically sophisticated constituency in Congress.

The diversity and uniqueness of this Manhattan district is clear from the sorts of audiences before whom the candidates have appeared jointly and singly: a rally in the east Thirties sponsored by a group of people wearing American Colonial outfits and beginning with a benediction in which the Almighty was entreated

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America's women wield some mighty "clubs"!

IN 1868 an American newspaper woman, Mrs. Jennie June Croly, was barred from a press club testimonial dinner for Charles Dickens because she was a woman. Angry and determined, she and eleven of her newspaper sisters formed "Sorosis," America's first women's club.

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There are many ways in which your wife works to bring better living into your home. Some are big—like her membership in a women's club. Some may be small—like the little luxuries she brings home with S&H Green Stamps.

Whether your wife is seen in her role as one of the millions of women, shopping for half the families in America, who save S&H Green Stamps or as a member of one of the thousands of women's clubs serving communities across the nation, you can be sure she has but one basic goal—the happiness of her family.

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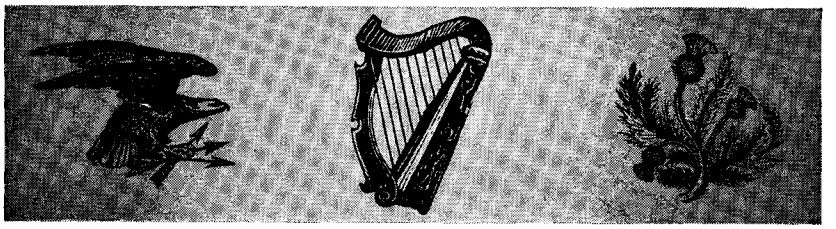

AMERICAN WHISKEY	IRISH WHISKEY	SCOTCH WHISKY

Thus, if you know what Scotch and American Whiskeys taste like you can get some idea of what to expect from Irish Whiskey. But what cannot be shown on any chart is how thoroughly you will enjoy the delicious differences of Irish Whiskey now you know what to taste for.

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Greek oracles didn't have the answer to Christmas gift problems, but we do.
See page 41.

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to keep us from relying on "government doles"; a debate before a largely Republican audience where Republican Lindsay received his biggest hand when he indicated how far and how often he had strayed from Eisenhower conservatism; a debate at the New School sponsored by the Greenwich Village Council on World Affairs and local branches of Tammany Hall, the reform Democrats, the Republican Party, the Liberal Party, the A.D.A., the United World Federalists, the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, and the Socialist Party, where the audience booed a questioner who had brought up Quemoy and Matsu as if to demonstrate that it understood the issue and didn't care to waste precious questioning time on it.

Although the questions the candidates had undertaken to discuss that evening included such tough ones as "China and the U.N." and "proposals to facilitate a return to a peacetime economy," they debated with a fluency and frankness that would have put the nationally televised Great Debaters to shame. The United States must present to the next General Assembly, Lindsay stated, a list of conditions under which we would no longer seek to keep the subject of Chinese admission off the agenda. China must be brought into disarmament negotiations, vanden Heuvel insisted; U.S. foreign policy cannot continue to be made in Formosa; Formosa's permanent seat on the Security Council must be relinquished, preferably to India.

In the Seventeenth District, however, with its preponderantly Democratic-Liberal registration and its current civil war between Tammany Hall and the Democratic reform movement, sometimes far simpler questions are harder to deal with. Vanden Heuvel, who is running with both Tammany and reform endorsement, is frequently called upon to disavow his regular backing; despite the fact that Herbert Lehman is chairman of his citizens' committee and that he is supported by all the reform clubs in his district, the claim for total and exclusive loyalty has died hard among some of the more single-minded insurgents. As for Lindsay, when asked whether he stands on the record of the administration, he has responded that he

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THREE SCRIPTWRITERS FOR NOVEMBER

A poet, a novelist, a prime minister—and you as a voter—all share credits for November's television, along with hundreds of writers for stage, screen, newsroom, and rostrum . . . actors, actresses, directors...composers, lyricists...costumers, set designers ...choreographers and photographers.

And part of the mile-or-so script is also the unrehearsed newsbreak, panel show, interview, and flying tackle. That's a clue to the logistics of television with its more than ten thousand hours of network programming in the broadcasting year and thousands more on your local stations.

A wide range of talent serves a wide range of interests—no doubt, including yours. There are more absorbing hours for thoughtful viewers of television than you'll find almost anywhere outside a library or campus.

Be sure to check your daily television schedule. Chances are you'll find programs like those listed here—as well as local broadcasts—that you won't want to miss.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE
666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

In November

A FEW PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are current N.Y. time)

"What's the Proposition?"
A special pre-election study on how an indifferent electorate ratifies propositions by default, on "Close-up!"
Thursday, November 3 (10:30-11 PM)

"Presidential Countdown"
Friday, November 4 (9:30-10 PM)

"The Campaign—the Candidates"
Saturday, November 5 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Campaign Roundup"
Sunday, November 6 (2:30-3 PM)

Full Coverage of the Elections
Tuesday, November 8

"The Trapped Housewife"
A look into the demands made on the modern homemaker's time.
Thursday, November 10 (4-5 PM)

"The Influential Americans"
An on-the-scene report of new experiments in public school teaching.
Sunday, November 13 (9-10 PM)

"He Shall Have Power"
The institution of the American Presidency is examined on "Omnibus."
Sunday, November 13 (5-6 PM)

"Story of a Family"
Three generations of an American family are studied to determine the effects of changes during the last 60 years.
Monday, November 14 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"Macbeth"
Maurice Evans and Dame Judith Anderson star in Shakespeare's tragedy, filmed on location in Scotland and England.
Sunday, November 20 (6-8 PM)

"Big City 1980"
Second in series of four special programs on the age of technology, produced in cooperation with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Monday, November 21 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Those Ragtime Years"
A "Project 20" recreation of an exuberant American era.
Tuesday, November 22 (10-11 PM)

"Winston Is Back"
Winston Churchill returns to office as World War II starts. First in new documentary series based on the statesman's memoirs and speeches. Richard Burton and Hume Cronyn are narrators.
Saturday, November 26 (10:30-11 PM)

"The U-2 Incident"
Hard realism at a crucial time in American history, on "White Paper."
Tuesday, November 29 (10-11 PM)

"The Three Musketeers"
A two-hour dramatization of Alexandre Dumas' swashbuckling novel. Presented on successive nights in two installments.
Wednesday, November 30, and Thursday, December 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	Television Workshop
	College News Conference
	Chet Huntley Reporting
	Meet the Press
	The Twentieth Century
Mondays:	Face the Nation
Tuesdays:	Expedition
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.:	Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

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does so "when he thought they were right." Lindsay rarely mentions his party affiliation or his party's candidate for the Presidency. And rather than defend the administration against vanden Heuvel's attacks, he tends to fish up the name of an illiberal Democrat in Congress with whom to tax his opponent. When vanden Heuvel reminds his audiences that Lindsay voted eighty-five per cent of the time with the Eisenhower administration and that his rating for "correct" votes with the right-wing Americans for Constitutional Action is the same as that of Senator Everett Dirksen, Lindsay responds that "numbers don't prove anything one way or another." Lindsay has in fact differed with the administration on some key issues and taken strong stands on civil rights, civil liberties, and immigration law. At the same time, as vanden Heuvel points out, Lindsay voted against the depressed-areas bill, against consideration of the Kennedy-Ives bill, against the Forand bill. In short, he charges, Lindsay is a Republican. Lindsay answers by associating vanden Heuvel with the Democratic Party, North and South. Each is running on a party ticket, and trying to establish a degree of independence from it.

This is going on in Manhattan, which some say is not representative of the United States. Or is it?

The New Pollsters

The Gallup Poll must now compete with the USLA Poll for fame and notoriety, but it may be that more attention should be given those polls which do not so much measure public opinion as tamper with it. These are the private opinion surveys that have been commissioned by the candidates to determine which way the voters lean, why they lean, and what poses and issues the candidates should strike to straighten up those who are leaning away from them.

This is "polling in depth," and it has been commanding the talents of more than a dozen private firms at a total cost to the candidates of $1,000,000 to $1,500,000. Louis Harris, who has been conducting surveys for Senator Kennedy, cites ten campaigns that were pitched on poll findings; the first of them was General Eisenhower's race in 1952, when he made a late switch to Korea as a better issue than corruption because private pollsters said it would pay off. One of Harris's reports to Senator Kennedy just before the West Virginia primary advised that the heaviest anti-Catholic sentiment was in the Fifth District and that there Senator Kennedy should "present himself as an all-out New Deal Democrat—a fighting liberal."

It is fairly commonly believed in Washington that private polls—notably those by the Claude Robinson Opinion and Research Center—persuaded Nixon to present himself to national television audiences as a firm fellow who reeks of sincerity, and that Kennedy learned from his pollsters that he could lick the youth problem by showing television's millions the mature man who can come up with a three-point answer to absolutely any question.

In any case, Harris is apparently convinced that he and the other Frankensteins must control the machinery they have devised: "For this poll taker's part, he will not undertake to work for any candidate he believes will set back human progress. . . ." But the manipulations of the new pollsters disturb John Day, vice-president of CBS News, who is concerned that they are subverting the democratic process.

No doubt there is a moral issue involved in probing scientifically for the image and the issue that will produce the winning vote, but the most anguished objections come from the old-fashioned pollsters like Gallup and Roper. They have always been handicapped by the Heisenberg uncertainty principle, which holds that some things can never be measured because the act of measuring changes the measurement. This year, the reports of the image-shaping pollsters presumably changed the smiles and the speeches of the candidates from state to state, registering concurrent changes in the minds of the leaners and undecideds and keeping so many of them in a heaven-or-hell undecided state that George Gallup announced in October that if this kept up until November 8, no scientific prediction would be better than a guess.

That's too bad, but technological unemployment for pollsters would probably not be a national disaster.

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EDOUARD LE GHAIT'S NO CARTE BLANCHE TO CAPRICORN

The Folly of Nuclear War Strategy

Edouard Le Ghait, former First Secretary of the Belgian Foreign Ministry, former Ambassador to the USSR and China, who numbers among his ancestors a Governor of Wisconsin and a U. S. Secretary of State, has written a book which brings home its message with inexorable logic.

Here are some of the questions dealt with by Ambassador Le Ghait in NO CARTE BLANCHE TO CAPRICORN.

Is defense possible in a nuclear war? "Public opinion in most countries does not yet realize that in the domain of nuclear strategy the only technically obtainable goal in matters of national defense is defense of the deterrent itself. **Defense of the nation, of its citizens, of its cities . . . is an impossibility."**

Is "limited war" feasible? "From retaliation to retaliation, the caliber of the weapons used would constantly increase and the theater of operations grow continuously . . . total war would soon be reached..."

What are the chances of war by accident or miscalculation? ". . . while a 'prudent lack of haste' prevails in the chancelleries and while world leaders compete with one another in the art of procrastination, the fate of mankind teeters on a tightrope. The fact that a nuclear accident or an error in judgment could precipitate total war becomes day by day more probable. Atomic weapons multiply and the means of instantaneous retaliation are improved to the point of absolute reliability."

Does the public have the power to decide its own fate? "We witness a sort of abdication of political power before technology, of the civilian agency before the military . . . [passivity] tends to give **carte blanche** to certain civilian and military personnel."

Can mankind continue to live with the balance of terror? "When a dangerous situation continues to exist for some time without precipitating accidents, the belief is engendered that the danger has disappeared . . . **just because the balance of terror has continued to exist for a few years without causing an accident, people now tend to believe in the stability of the situation and adapt themselves to it."**

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Intermezzo

AT THE END of the fourth Great Debate, many questions were crowding my mind, and above all one: Why has such punishment been inflicted upon so many of us?

On four different occasions, one hour at a time, over sixty million people have attended those shows called—of all things—debates. It has been the greatest experiment in direct democracy ever attempted in this country. In a town meeting as large as the nation, sixty million sovereign citizens were addressed by the two would-be Presidents, who told them about the issues and the use they should make of their sovereignty when, a few weeks away, each one of them would be secluded for a few moments in the privacy of the voting booth.

On the four occasions my reaction was clouded by the constant concern with the reaction of my neighbors—tens of millions of them. Are they going to see through it all? How many will gulp down that Nixon corn? The traumatic shock of the Checkers speech was still with me, as painful as ever.

In pleading his case, each candidate has used and repeated arguments designed to avoid the risk of overestimating the people's intelligence. Vice-President Nixon overstretched his confidence in the people's credulity. Actually, in one way at least, the advantage lay with him, for the whole of him is in his TV image. He is entirely what he looks. Yet I must add that just because I am a partisan of Kennedy and know that there is so much more to him, he made me sometimes feel uneasy. Or perhaps it was that I could not forgive him for doing well at Nixon's level.

Maybe the fault was more with the medium and the formula than with the two protagonists. When the medium is used on such large masses, ideas are inevitably flattened and chopped up. This makes for merciless repetition. Repetition is the prerequisite for habit-forming commercials, and neither of the candidates can be blamed too much for having used the same arguments, sometimes in the same words, two, or three, or four times unmercifully.

But it was hard to take. The listener, particularly if cursed with a good memory, got no break. In the last two debates, whenever the subject of Latin-American dictators was raised, one could be sure that Nixon was going to talk about their diminishing number. Then Kennedy would mention the Brazilian presidential candidate who called on Castro and later won the election. And then there was the story of the African students, of ends and means, of the nation's prestige, of Quemoy and Matsu.

The word freedom was piously used hundreds of times. There seemed to be no difference between the freedom for which the Hungarians fought and that of any African territory playing at being a sovereign state. Both candidates were in agreement about wishing to have our American freedom extended to the whole world—neither more nor less. Ghana and Guinea, Guinea and Ghana, kept coming in all the time. But not once was one of our major western allies mentioned. The alliance itself came into the discussion in a passing and not overoriginal remark by Kennedy, when he said that the political and economic structure of NATO should be strengthened.

WHEN the fourth Great Debate ended, I was too depressed and too tired to turn off the set. Or was I, perhaps, waiting for a commercial to come and cleanse my screen? Blessedly, it came. It was a debate between Bert and Harry, two nice fellows gently quarreling as to how best to sell their beer. That debate, too, I had heard many times. But both Bert and Harry had only the limited ambition of making me conscious of what I suppose is a good beer. Their goal was proportionate to the medium.

The medium, TV, has an extraordinary potency as entertainer and salesman. A party convention or a major rally around a Presidential candidate can be effective vehicles both for entertainment and for party salesmanship. But I do not believe that the confrontation between Presidential candidates lends itself to projection via TV. The very fact of arousing the interest of the millions further lowers the level of campaign oratory that is usually not too high when each candidate performs solo.

With an audience that can be counted in tens of millions, the competition of ideas cannot possibly be real or even conceivable. The protagonists are bound to behave like two talking Univac machines, each conditioned to recite a pre-taped message in answer to a foreseeable challenge from the other.

PERHAPS the major fault lies with the networks' anxiety to prove their civic-mindedness. They can render a much better service to the American people if they give the viewers good programs, good commercials, and make good money.

During those four nightmarish hours one felt at times as if technology, unchecked by adequate foresight, might undermine the representative institutions that keep our country free. But nightmares are just what they are: bad dreams. Those nation-wide town meetings were nothing but electronically contrived bad dreams.

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Notes from Backstage

DOUGLASS CATER

COVERING the televised Great Debates on the spot was an eerie experience. We gathered in dim, cavernous halls, barred by armed guards from access to the scene of activity. We watched the show on monitors, silent for the most part, occasionally giving way to wry mirth. At the end of each debate, a pool reporter came out and dictated to us a meticulously detailed account of what he had seen and heard. ("Senator Kennedy took two deep breaths just before the program started. Vice-President Nixon—" "Hey, you're going too fast! What was that again?" "I said Nixon appeared to wet his lips and then at twelve minutes after the hour he wiped his face the first time. He wiped it four times in all.")

When I served on the panel of interrogators in the third debate, I was somewhat baffled by the glimpse of reality I got. It was a strange mixture of planned method and unplanned content. The networks spared no expense or effort to perfect a split-screen arrangement allowing two candidates, who were a whole continent apart on that particular day, to appear to stand side by side. Each of us was given careful explanations of how the production was to be handled. A whole army of technicians worked to remove distortions in presenting the picture to what proved to be an audience of sixty million-odd citizens. Mr. Nixon's studio had been made frigid to eliminate undue perspiration.

Nobody showed much concern with what the program was to be about. The panel consisted of two men from the networks and two journalists chosen by lot. The only qualification was to have accompanied each candidate at some time during the campaign. We prepared ourselves in isolation from one another. Only during the final anxious moments in the make-up room—where we submitted to the same pancake and lip-rouge adornment as Mr. Nixon—did we decide to reveal in confidence to fellow panel members what our opening questions would be. In the words of the announcer, it was unrehearsed.

For me at least, it was a frustrating assignment. Beforehand I had entertained Walter Mitty dreams of posing a question so trenchant and so to the heart of the matter that no candidate could attempt circumlocution. But trenchancy, I found, was not easily come by. The format of the Great Debate was neither fish nor fowl, not permitting the relentless interrogation of the "Meet the Press" type of quiz show or the clash of ideas that can occur in a genuine debate. The candidates had quickly mastered its special form of gamesmanship. No matter how narrow or broad the question, we could watch by the timing device the way each of them extracted his last second of allotted image projection in making his response. The panel's role was hardly more than to designate categories—animal, vegetable, or mineral—on which the two might or might not discourse.

Mr. Moody's Vision

The idea for what many have hailed as a breakthrough in political communication evolved rather haphazardly. Its origin has been traced to a Michigan newspaperman, the late Blair Moody, who in 1952, while serving the unexpired Senate term of Arthur Vandenberg, had a sudden vision of television's enormous potential in the field of political debate. His suggestion for such a debate, in the testimony of one network head, "quickly seized the imagination of the broadcasters." But it failed to get anywhere with the candidates in 1952 and 1956. (Stevenson felt that to challenge Eisenhower would be regarded as a gimmick.) A more basic obstacle to any such encounters by the two major-party candidates lay in Section 315 of the Federal Communications Act, which requires equal time for all candidates. This August, Congress temporarily suspended Section 315 for a trial test during the 1960 campaign.

During the legislative deliberations, the overriding concern was how television could be used to bring the campaign more directly to the people. Certain members, including Senator Mike Monroney (D., Oklahoma), thought that Congress should commandeer a number of prime viewing hours from the networks for whatever use the candidates wished to make of them. Network officials resisted, claiming that the First Amendment in effect guarantees them the right to fix such matters as format and scheduling. But they promised generous co-operation with the candidates if left to their own devices. One hour weekly, it was generally thought, could be tried without risk, as one broadcaster put it, of "overexposure, oversaturation, and redundancy."

Only Adlai Stevenson, who by now had acquired enthusiasm for the idea, attempted to paint a more detailed picture of the debates. He favored a ninety-minute program each week in which the candidates

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could deal, one at a time, with such issues as "disengagement or containment, farm policy, disarmament . . ."

It was probably inevitable that this venture should get caught up in the strategies of networks and candidates alike. NBC Board Chairman Robert W. Sarnoff got the jump on his competitors the night of Nixon's nomination by offering eight hours of prime evening time for what he was first to dub "the Great Debate." Kennedy, as the challenger and the lesser known of the two candidates, promptly accepted without qualm or qualification. Four days later Nixon wired his agreement, stipulating a "full and free exchange of views without prepared texts or notes and without interruption."

In the course of three-power conferences at the Waldorf, there was a great deal of bluff and maneuver. Kennedy's men pressed for at least five debates; Nixon's wanted no more than three. (Fred Scribner, Jr., a Nixon aide, thought two would be plenty.) The Kennedy group, so strapped for funds that they had to cut back on paid TV commitments and anticipating a flurry of election-eve volleys by the Vice-President, tried to get the series stretched out as long as possible. Nixon negotiators were adamant about an October 21 cutoff date. The matter of using notes was not raised again until Nixon accused Kennedy of cribbing in the third debate.

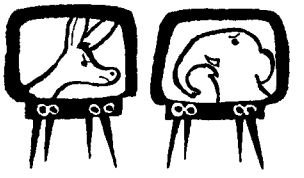
But on one important matter there was agreement. Both sides wanted the debates to be based on questions asked by reporters. A Nixon aide explained to me shortly before the first debate that this would serve to increase viewer interest. He feared that the candidates would be "too polite" if they interrogated each other. A Kennedy aide said very much the same thing: since nobody likes the prosecuting-attorney type on television, it was better to turn this thankless task over to others.

Scissors and Paste

One thing was quite clear: as they approached this brave new frontier of television, the two candidates were far more concerned about their images than their arguments.

Both candidates proved themselves remarkably adaptable to the new art form. They were marvels at extemporization, wasting none of the precious media time in reflective pauses, never having to grasp for the elusive word, able in the peculiar alternation of reply and rebuttal to switch topics smoothly and without a hitch. Each could discuss anything within the allotted two and a half minutes for reply and one and a half for rebuttal.

To anyone who spent much time on tour with the two men, this was no great surprise. The dialogue was largely a paste-up job containing bits and snippets from campaign rhetoric already used many times. As the series wore on, the protagonists were like two weary wrestlers who kept trying to get the same holds. What became clear was how limited the



vocabulary of the debate really was and how vague were the candidates' ideas about what to do. Kennedy, we learned over and over, wants to get America moving again. Nixon argues that it is moving, and, in an unfortunate phrase, "We can't stand pat."

Nobody around the candidates seemed to think that clarity of argument was the objective. For the sidelines observer trying to judge this new contest without benefit of rules or score card, it raised more questions than it answered.

Kennedy's trainers pointed out that he won an important victory simply by closing the maturity gap separating him from a rival four years his elder. He proved himself able to stand up to the man who stood up to Khrushchev. It was an accomplishment, they claimed, that no other means of communication could have effected so well and so quickly.

It may be so. But one kept wondering about those silent millions who sat before their television sets. Did they come any closer to a knowledge of their candidates? Not even a trained political observer could keep up with the crossfire of fact and counterfact, of the rapid references to Rockefeller Reports, Lehman amendments, prestige analyses, G.N.P., and a potpourri of other so-called facts. Or was the knack of merely seeming well informed what counted with the viewer? If so, Mr. Nixon did all right despite an amazing capacity to twist facts to suit his convenience. ("Now, as a result of our taking the strong stand that we did [on Indo-China], the civil war there was ended and today, at least in the south of Indo-China, the Communists have moved out and we do have a strong free bastion there.") Eventually, it seemed as if Kennedy gave up the Herculean effort to sweep up his opponent's fictions.

Who was judged more sincere? What may have been a major test was Nixon's soliloquy on Harry Truman's language and little children. It provoked loud guffaws among the press corps at the studio. But maybe other good Americans were deeply stirred by this pious man who promised, if elected, not to utter strong words in the White House. (He did, however, utter a few in the studio directly after the program, when he accused Kennedy of violating his no-notes proviso; afterward he told reporters that his spontaneous expressions were off the record.)

Last but not least, was the viewer really edified by the frantic clash on foreign policy? Neither of the men showed any regard for the fact that some things are better left unsaid if one of them expects to conduct that foreign policy next January. It was like a bastardized version of Art Linkletter's "People Are Funny" in which the contestant had to tell how he would deal with Castro in 150 seconds flat.

In closing what he thought was the last of the series, moderator Quincy Howe remarked, "As members of a new political generation, Vice-President Nixon and Senator Kennedy have used new means of communication to pioneer a new type of political debate. . . . Perhaps they have established a new tradition." Howe may or may not be right in his prediction. But before this particular tradition becomes firmly rooted in American politics, it needs the kind of examination it never got before it started. The next time around, one of these pioneers will almost certainly be talking as our President.

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Uneasy Allies in Algeria

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

WHILE the Soviet premier was busy making speeches in New York, a significant political plot was played out behind his back between Peking and Moscow. This plot has given a new turn to the controversy between the two Communist capitals, and as a result the Algerian war may well become *the* international crisis of 1961. Repercussions of this development reached Khrushchev in New York and accounted in part for his behavior at the General Assembly.

Only a couple of days after Khrushchev had landed on Manhattan, Ferhat Abbas, head of the provisional government of the Algerian Republic, accompanied by several of his ministers, set out from insurgent Algeria on a journey to Peking, whither he had been invited by Premier Chou En-lai to attend the celebrations of the eleventh anniversary of the Communist victory against Chiang. On the way, Ferhat Abbas and his companions stopped in Moscow. There they were received almost like ordinary tourists. No red carpet was spread out for the Algerians, no welcoming speeches awaited them, no flowers. Even the whereabouts of Ferhat Abbas in the Soviet capital was obscure. Official Moscow, its eyes glued on reports of Khrushchev's doings in New York, ignored the head of a dubious and tiny government and his Chinese pilgrimage. Incidentally, no Soviet bigwig attended the Peking celebrations.

On September 29 Ferhat Abbas and his party landed in Peking. At once a dizzying change occurred around them. Outlaws in their own country and "clandestine travelers" in Moscow, they were welcomed at Peking airport by the Chinese premier and were cheered by large crowds. From the airport, amid the beating of drums and gongs, Ferhat Abbas and Chou En-lai rode in an open car along the flag-draped streets of Peking, where hundreds of thousands of troops, militiamen, and civilians lined up to hail them. There was no end to the waving of Algerian and Chinese flags and to the beating of drums and gongs.

Another visitor in Peking was U Nu, the Burmese prime minster. His visit marked the end of the boundary dispute between his country and China, and he had arrived to sign a boundary treaty. In the absence of any top leaders from the Soviet-bloc countries, U Nu and Ferhat Abbas were to be the two principal guests of honor at the anniversary celebrations. Ferhat Abbas, however, stole the show. At the great anniversary parade on October 1 he stood at Mao Tse-tung's right hand between Mao and Chou to receive the popular acclaim and the salutes of the armed militiamen.

This was not a matter of mere pageantry. From the moment of his arrival Ferhat Abbas found himself at the very center of Peking's political interest. He was closeted for hours with Mao Tse-tung and the other party leaders, and with the deputy chief of staff of the Chinese Army. He was guided all the time by the Gallicized Chou En-lai, who, as a member of the French Communist Party during the years of his exile in France, is more conversant with French-Algerian affairs than anyone else in Peking.

THE CHINESE were obviously attaching extraordinary importance to this visit. Many Algerian delegations had been received in the Chinese capital in the last few years and had departed with advice, supplies, medical equipment, and assurances that they could count on more direct military assistance as well. (Algeria had also received such supplies and medical aid from the Soviet Union and even from Yugoslavia.) But until recently the Algerians had taken only what they wanted even though the Chinese had offered more. Ferhat Abbas was still hoping to obtain his objectives through negotiations with President de Gaulle. But since the failure of the French-Algerian talks at Melun last spring, he had been looking for fresh means toward a more vigorous prosecution of hostilities. Having been more or less cold-shouldered in Moscow, he turned to Peking.

From the moment of his arrival in China, Ferhat Abbas became involved in the controversy between Khrushchev and Mao. The Chinese made no bones about it that they considered Moscow's Algerian policy "disgraceful" and that they were going to put strong pressure on Khrushchev to change it.

The reserve which Khrushchev has until quite recently shown toward the Algerians (and which he has not altogether given up even now) has been dictated by a variety of motives. To side with Ferhat Abbas against de Gaulle was, in Khru-

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shchev's eyes, tantamount to driving de Gaulle into Eisenhower's arms; and Khrushchev was more interested in playing de Gaulle against Eisenhower than in using Abbas against de Gaulle. He has also feared that any form of Communist intervention in Algeria would defeat his policy of relaxing tension. When some time ago Peking urged Moscow to grant the Abbas government *de facto* recognition, Moscow replied rather formalistically that this would be premature because Abbas held no definite territory under administrative control.

A Pawn in Peking

Mao and Chou En-lai decided to use the occasion of Ferhat Abbas's visit for a concerted attack on this Khrushchevite policy and for confronting Khrushchev with certain accomplished facts. On the first day of Abbas's visit, in a speech in his honor, Chou En-lai recalled the "century-old struggle of the Algerian people against French domination" and stated: "The establishment of the provisional government of the Republic of Algeria . . . signifies that this struggle has entered a new phase. We are glad to see that the Algerian National Liberation Army has already freed vast areas in Algeria inhabited by more than half of its population, and has established there its own organs of state power." (This was meant to dispose publicly of the official Soviet argument against the recognition of the Abbas government.) Chou went on: "This tremendous change in Algeria proves once again that a situation in which our enemies are strong while we are weak is only temporary—it is bound to become reversed. Decadent imperialism can be strong only in outward appearance; actually it is weak. Its temporary rampancy is merely a deathbed struggle."

The controversial undertone of Chou's words made it clear that the major issue between Moscow and Peking was the evaluation of the strategic power of the West, which Moscow refused to see as being a mere "paper tiger." According to Chou En-lai, then, the impotence of French arms in Algeria was just another particular illustration for the general Chinese contention that the Communist bloc need not be afraid of the military power of the West and that Khrushchev approached the "paper tiger of NATO" all too timidly and feebly. The burden of Chou's argument was that Algeria constitutes one of the West's weakest spots and that Communism must adjust its tactics to this fact. Moscow was not prepared to accept this view, still less its implications.

Ferhat Abbas, though a mere "bourgeois nationalist," found himself drawn into this inner Communist controversary. Guided by his own interests, he sided with the Chinese against the Russians, i.e., with the extreme left wing of Communism against "the opportunists in Moscow."

Up to the last moment Moscow had advised the Algerians to seek a renewal of negotiations with de Gaulle. "In this era of the great retreat of imperialism," it was said in Moscow, "when so many colonial peoples are obtaining independence, de Gaulle will have to honor his promise of self-determination for Algeria. In any case, the Algerian conflict must not be used to estrange Gaullist France from the Communist bloc and to cement the solidarity of the Atlantic Alliance."

ABBAS, acclaimed by his Chinese hosts, now countered this Soviet argument point by point:

"To the Algerian people, suffering and dying each day, the vast controversies on the cold war are of no interest unless they concern the real solidarity of free men . . ." Unless, that is, Moscow sides openly with Algeria.

Aiming at Khrushchev's notion of peaceful coexistence based on the international *status quo,* Abbas continued: "Similarly, peaceful coexistence is not compatible with territorial partition, with the *status quo,* with palliatives, and with spheres of influence that would perpetuate any form of colonial servitude." It was a mistake, he went on, to imagine that the war in Algeria was only a French war (as Khrushchev suggested it was). This was NATO's war, for without American equipment and aid the French would have long since been defeated. He who wants to weaken NATO, Abbas pointed out, must strike at it in Algeria; and it was foolish to imagine (as Khrushchev imagined) that one could weaken NATO by appeasing de Gaulle. It was time to stop lulling the "peace-loving" and colonial peoples with tales about the era of the retreat of imperialism, in which colonial peoples can gain independence more or less peacefully, by way of negotiations. The truth is, Abbas asserted, that western imperialism has embarked on a great war of colonial reconquest and is waging it "within the framework of the Atlantic Pact." The Algerians, he concluded, have therefore given up all idea of negotiations. Henceforth they will, on principle, refuse to parley with de Gaulle's government. Instead they will now work for "the internationalization of the Algerian conflict."

ALL THIS fitted in well with the Chinese attitude and with Chinese arguments against Moscow's "opportunism." But what were the ways and means toward the "internationalization" of the Algerian conflict? This question loomed large in Abbas's talks with Mao Tse-tung and the other Chinese leaders. At first Abbas had intended to press the appeal to the U.N. for an all-Algerian referendum conducted under U.N. auspices, and he had apparently received some encouragement from Moscow. This idea did not, however, commend itself to his Chinese hosts, who held that in taking this initiative Abbas might be preparing the undoing of his own government. Had he learned nothing, they asked, from Lumumba's fate? Had not Lumumba been destroyed by the same United Nations force that he had summoned to the Congo?

Ferhat Abbas became hesitant, and the discussion proceeded to alternative methods of "internationalization." The Chinese had been ready for some time to send volunteers to Algeria, with an eye to the eventual formation of an International Brigade similar to that which fought in Spain in 1936-1938. However, Khrushchev and the Soviet Presidium had vetoed this project; and unless they changed their minds, the project could not be taken up again. The main thing, then, for the Chinese was to try and force Khrushchev's hand. But how? It was agreed in Peking that in any case Ferhat Abbas

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should seek to "spread the Algerian war," and that he should continue to appeal to all Arab countries for direct military assistance—the Algerian struggle must be proclaimed a Pan-Arab holy war. It was further agreed that on his return journey Ferhat Abbas should stop in Moscow and openly confront the Russians with his demands.

Reports about these developments reached Khrushchev in Manhattan during the intervals between the meetings of the General Assembly.

Lecture in Moscow

On October 6 Ferhat Abbas was back in Moscow. In the course of his week in Peking he had learned to "speak Chinese." "The hour of active solidarity has struck" was the cry with which he left the Chinese capital and with which he arrived at the Soviet capital. "Active solidarity," he explained, meant "total aid" for "the intensification of the armed struggle in Algeria."

In Moscow, Abbas went straight from the airport to the Tunisian embassy, where a reception was given in his honor. Of the three men who in Khrushchev's absence have the most authority in Moscow, Mikoyan, Kozlov, and Suslov, none apparently considered the reception important enough to attend; but two other members of the Presidium, A. N. Kosygin and D. S. Polyansky, were present. Ferhat Abbas made a speech that set political and diplomatic Moscow agog. He read the Presidium a sermon on revolutionary morality, the like of which no one had dared to preach in Moscow for decades.

"I would like to tell you," he exclaimed passionately, turning to Kosygin and Polyansky, "that the greatness and power of the Soviet Union imposes special duties on you. Until recently you were busy changing social conditions in your own country. Now it is time for the Soviet Union to turn its eyes toward those who suffer and die for freedom. You must not let the Algerian people down. . . . The world is becoming one. No people can afford to say, 'We are enjoying peace; the rest is of no concern to us.' In Algeria it is hot war that is being waged." From Algeria, he went on, the fighting may spread to the whole Mediterranean, and it may yet disrupt the peace of the world. The Russians must not imagine that they would be able to insulate themselves and go on "building socialism" all for themselves. "I am asking the leaders of the Soviet Union to ponder deeply the Algerian problem and the fate of all colonial peoples and to help us effectively."

The two members of the Soviet Presidium sat as if dumfounded, not knowing whether to join in the applause with which Moscow's Arab colony greeted Abbas's fervent plea.

In Manhattan, Khrushchev felt that he was being outflanked by Mao and Chou, and he did his best to regain the initiative. He was already aware that a shift in his own Algerian policy was overdue: just before his departure for New York

he had ordered a thorough overhaul of the African department of the Soviet ministry of foreign affairs. Vague talk about the need to "internationalize" the Algerian conflict had also been going on for some time. In New York, however, Belkacem Krim, Abbas's envoy, newly arrived from Peking and Moscow, made it clear to Khrushchev that things had gone much further in Peking than he had feared, and that Mao was giving ideological battle over the Algerian issue.

Khrushchev decided to forestall and counter Mao's moves. He announced (without, it seems, consulting the Presidium in Moscow) that the Soviet Union was recognizing the provisional government of Algeria, a step he had hitherto refused to take despite strong promptings from Peking. However, the recognition was vague in form; and when the announcement reached Moscow, the Soviet foreign ministry, which was obviously taken by surprise, put the most noncommittal interpretation on the act, saying that it did not amount to normal *de facto* recognition but only to permission for an Algerian diplomatic agency to be installed in Moscow. Khrushchev's next step was to adopt the slogan about "the internationalization of the Algerian conflict," but also to take some of the sting out of the slogan. While yielding on some points to pressure from Peking, Khrushchev informed Peking that he would yield no further, that the Algerians must leave the door ajar for negotiations with de Gaulle, and that this must be reflected in the joint Chinese-Algerian communiqué. At the same time Khrushchev promised Belkacem Krim to step up Soviet aid for the Algerians but left no doubt that Moscow would uphold its veto on the sending of volunteers to Algeria from the countries of the Soviet bloc.

Whether Moscow also objects to Abbas's plan to "spread the war" by pressing his appeal to all Arab states is less clear. Khrushchev may well reckon that neither Nasser nor Bourguiba would wish to respond to such an appeal, and that this lack of support from Moslem nationalists may free him from the need to take embarrassing decisions. But he can have no certainty about this. In any case, the cry for the spreading of the Algerian war, raised with new ardor from Peking, accounted for much of the feverish nervousness with which Khrushchev consulted the Algerians and the other North Africans in New York, all too evidently doing his best to please them and less evidently striving to prevent Communist policy in North Africa from getting out of Soviet control.

After Moscow

Which one will set the pace—Mao or Khrushchev? This is the question, and Khrushchev's performance in New York may well have a bearing on the answer.

The fact that the call for a U.N.-sponsored referendum in Algeria has so far evoked little response in the Assembly must add to Khrushchev's difficulties in withstanding pressure for more radical forms of pro-Algerian action. Also, since he has failed to achieve any of his proposed

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changes in the organization of the United Nations, he will find it hard to argue against the Chinese, who have always viewed it as a "mere tool of American imperialism," that the Algerian conflict should be put under U.N. jurisdiction. The distinct possibility of the spread of the Algerian war must have been at the back of Khrushchev's mind during the latter part of his stay in New York, when he so often startled the Assembly by references to the danger of war, references that to his audience sounded gratuitous and overdramatic.

Until Khrushchev's departure from New York, official Moscow remained confused and bewildered about the "new line" on Algeria. In vain did Abbas try to pin down the Russians about further aid and the mode of diplomatic recognition. All that Moscow's officialdom knew was that they could no longer treat the Algerian with the condescension they had shown him before the latest turn of events. When Abbas was taking his leave of Moscow, on October 10, the red carpet was unrolled at last, but rather sparingly and grudgingly. Kosygin, who attended the farewell ceremony on behalf of the government, assured the Algerians of Soviet sympathy for their "heroic struggle," but he did not go beyond such laconic generalities. It was left to Abbas, in his farewell address, to interpret expansively the meaning of Khrushchev's statement on recognition, to remind the Russians of promises of aid, to restate that the Algerians were fighting against NATO and not just against the French, and to proclaim once again that "peaceful coexistence is unthinkable without the final liquidation of all colonial rule." The Russians did not adopt these formulas officially. But Abbas left Moscow in the knowledge that henceforth he could appeal against Soviet half-heartedness to Chinese militancy.

ALGERIA is clearly going to claim much of Khrushchev's attention in coming weeks and months. It is already the focus of the controversy between Moscow and Peking; and in 1961 it may become the focus of an international crisis far more inflammatory that the Congo has been in 1960.

Kenya Braces for Freedom

GORDON SHEPHERD

NAIROBI

EVEN in the relatively stable colony of Kenya, the formula of nearly all mob oratory these days is direct and inflammatory. The Europeans have the land; the Indians have the shops; the Africans want both. And with Kenya's first broadly franchised elections just around the corner, party leaders are promising them both.

This new torrent of native Kenyan agitation started off last February as an apparently well-regulated stream fed from the decorous diplomatic springs of London's Lancaster House, where a five-week conference on the colony's future was held under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. Iain Macleod, the British colonial secretary. The conference was attended

by all European, Asian, and Arab spokesmen of note in Kenya and by every single African member of the present Kenyan legislative council. Everyone entitled to speak for Kenya's past, present, and future was around the green-baize table, with the exception of Jomo Kenyatta himself.

After seventeen plenary meetings and countless private hotel-room sessions, a workable common denominator of agreement, known as the Macleod constitution, was published on February 16. This provided for a new Kenyan legislative council or parliament in which the Africans are certain of their first majority.

Fifty-three of the sixty-five seats in the new chamber will be elected on a common roll. Thirty-three of these fifty-three seats, the so-called "open" ones, will fall more or less automatically to African candidates, while the weight of the African vote on the common roll will also largely decide the choice of the twenty "reserved" minority members—ten European, eight Asian, and two Arab. These fifty-three will then sit as an electoral college and select another twelve "national members" to bring the total up to the prescribed sixty-five.

But though the Africans are thus assured of political preponderance next February, they are not yet assured of sovereignty. What the Lancaster House conference laid down in substance was that the new black parliamentary predominance and the old white colonial rule should run side by side for an unspecified transition period. The British governor not only retains a safe majority in the twelve-man executive council or cabinet; he also keeps full emergency powers, including the veto weapon and the right to swamp even the new African parliament with supplementary nominees of his own.

THIS scheme, to all appearances unworkable, has been devised to meet a patently illogical situation. Kenya's six million Africans are not thought ready to take over full power and privilege from the sixty thousand white settlers so soon; yet world opinion and their own surging nationalism demand that the motions of a transfer should begin. So the reins will be put into their hands but for the moment their hands will be tied.

T. J. Mboya and Ronald Ngala represent two opposing wings of the African nationalistic movement. But they both told me recently that just before leaving London, they delivered a unanimous "private memorandum" to Mr. Macleod setting out their conviction that the new constitution would be out of date before it was implemented. British sources in Nairobi confirmed the existence of such a memorandum. But they claimed that having supported the conference findings in public, Mboya and his colleagues are committed to giving the 1961 constitution a fair trial.

This antithesis soon sparked off a quarrel between Mboya and the

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Colonial Office on the issue of "bad faith." Mboya has been widely quoted as saying that "The Union Jack will be hauled down in Kenya next February." When pressed for an explanation he would only amend the record to read "next year."

The governor of Kenya, Sir Patrick Renison, has warned Mboya and anybody else against trying "short cuts" and pointed out that he would not hestitate to use his emergency powers if "the peaceful evolution of the people of Kenya to speedy and worthwhile independence were threatened."

In the same recent speech, Sir Patrick stated what Britain considered to be the basic requirements of Kenya's development before full sovereignty could be granted. These included "representative parliamentary institutions," which should not be abused, an acceptance that every race should play its part in Kenya's public and economic life, and the establishment of a "competent and experienced civil service composed of local people and reinforced from outside as long as is necessary."

K.A.N.U.'s Enfant Terrible

Kenyan party politics, at least as regards next year's elections, is purely a matter of personalities: the program is the person, and vice versa. Four leaders hold the various blueprints for the colony's future and the power to turn those blueprints into reality. Two are African: Mr. Mboya and Mr. Ngala; and two are British: Michael Blundell, leader of the multiracial New Kenya Group, and Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck, who has just emerged at the head of the New Kenya Coalition.

The youngest, most colorful, best known, and potentially the most important of the four is Mboya, Kenya's trade-union boss, secretary-general of the Kenya-African National Union, or K.A.N.U., and the *enfant terrible* of the colony's politics.

Tom, as he is known to friend and foe alike, is an ebony dynamo, housed somewhat incongruously in a western lounge suit. He exudes a quality of sheer energy that is rare in Africa. The son of a primitive native laborer, his only higher education was a two-year scholarship at Ruskin College, Oxford, which he never completed. Yet his arguments are easily produced in flawless English. What is more, he is one of the few African or Asian politicians I have ever met who reason deductively, at least in private conversation when the political war paint is off. He does not begin with slogans and hang the facts haphazardly around them. He starts with the facts, and develops them in such a convincing way that the slogans at the end sound like logical conclusions.

My interview with Mboya took place in his Nairobi trade-union headquarters. The courtyard was packed with excited students assembled for a farewell address by Mboya. It took more than an hour to get him upstairs to the relative peace of his office. Even then the door was constantly flung open by people demanding his advice.

WE TALKED FIRST of Mboya's pet project, the "crash program" to equip Kenya with the maximum local administrative and technical

talent in the minimum time. He said: "Our aim is to replace white officials by Africans at a set percentage figure every year from now on. In my opinion Kenya can achieve one hundred per cent localization in between three and five years, with perhaps an extra year allowed for very specialist appointments. Our students in America, Britain, and India, plus Africans already employed in lower posts here, are the nucleus for this operation. But let me stress that independence can and must be given to Kenya before this localization is completed."

I asked him to comment on the "hasten slowly" warning just addressed to him by Sir Patrick Renison. He obliged with alacrity: "Our future is in our own hands. Once we have an elected majority in the parliament next March, the British will have to listen to us. K.A.N.U. regards those elections as a referendum over immediate independence, and we shall act accordingly once given that mandate from the people. It is no good talking about transitional stages and self-government. We are beyond that and so is every part of Africa."

When I pointed to the Congo as an example of what hasty nationalization could produce, Mboya conceded the point with a shrug. He admitted his "concern" over the present situation there and had words of praise for Mr. Hammarskjöld. "We consider that the U.N. has done its best and that all Africans should appreciate this," he added.

There is no question of Mboya's ability as a speaker and organizer. He does, however, sometimes run afoul of colleagues in his own party, and one explanation behind his public tantrums may well be the struggle for power against older K.A.N.U. leaders like James Gichuru (who has the added advantage of coming from Kenya's "tribe of state," the Kikuyu).

If Mboya is prepared to give both himself and the raw continent around him a little time to mature, a great African leader may emerge. But if he is led by his own showmanship and love of the limelight to try and run before either he or Kenya can crawl, the African continent will simply have one more irresponsible demagogue. K.A.N.U. politics already has something of dictatorship about it: excessive centralization, intolerance of opposition, and a readiness to destroy the tribe before the nation is ready to replace it. If Mboya can hold the long-term leadership of K.A.N.U. (which is probable but by no means certain) these things could all push him to despotism. But in that case, he would become a Kenyan Nkhrumah rather than a Lumumba—he is too shrewd and calculating an operator to follow Lumumba's crazy path.

Mboya's Competition

A day or two later I called on Ronald Ngala, who leads the rival and more moderate African nationalist party, the Kenya African Democratic Union, or K.A.D.U. His is a different world from the boisterous clamor of Mboya's trade-union H.Q. Ngala accepted office earlier this year as Kenyan minister of labor under the British Crown (a thing Mboya would never dream of doing), and our talk took place in his sedate min-

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isterial office with a smiling portrait of Queen Elizabeth II gazing down from the wall.

His views matched the setting. Puffing away at an English briar pipe, he immediately stressed that the big difference between K.A.D.U. and K.A.N.U. was that "D" in his party's name. "We are solid in our belief in western democracy and in the values of individual liberty," he said. "One wing of K.A.N.U. is already flirting with Moscow and Peking. Furthermore, unlike K.A.N.U., we believe in giving all the tribes and regions of Kenya a chance to express themselves. The people must have something to choose from when they are ready and not be forced into one mold."

On two basic campaigning points, however, Ngala must go along with the K.A.N.U. program. The first is to hail the detained Kenyatta as Kenya's first prime minister or president-to-be. This is coupled with demands for Kenyatta's release, which are not as sincere as they sound. Mboya fears for his leadership in K.A.N.U., and Ngala, the spokesman of the smaller tribes, fears the re-emergence of the great Kikuyu hero.

The second common electioneering plank is insistence on early independence. Ngala set himself apart from Mboya by stressing that the Macleod constitution must be given a fair trial, as agreed in London. But he too seized on the magic formula of majority representation as being an almost immediate passport to sovereignty.

It is generally agreed that K.A.D.U., partly because of its moderation, is unlikely to win more than a third of the African seats next February. But despite his smaller following, Ngala is a handbrake on Mboya's "hot rod" political machine. Unhappily for the colony, Ngala himself is not cut out to be a compelling national figure. In temperament and appearance he is more the bureaucrat than the politician.

The Settlers' Program

To some extent, this same problem of divided talents and enthusiasms also afflicts British settler politics, which is the core of all the minority movements, European or Asian. At one extreme there has been the right-wing faction led by Group Captain Llewellyn R. Briggs, which has stood for maximum delay in handing over power to the blacks, coupled with a minimum loss in privilege, profits, and comforts for the whites. The Lancaster House constitution, with its broad franchise provisions, tolled Briggs's death knell as an electoral force, and now he and his die-hards have completed their political surrender.

This took the form of a tacit merger with a new party led by a seventy-year-old veteran settler and pillar of Kenya society, Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck. Sir Ferdinand resigned as speaker of the Kenya Legislative Council last March in protest against the "precipitate London agreement." Despite his reluctance ("I'm too old for this game"), this catapulted him into politics. "C.-B." has become the focal point for what might be called the moderate but determined settlers' opinion. By now, at least three-quarters of the European community seems to be behind him.

On the day he decided to found his new party (despite frantic opposition from the Colonial Office in London), I talked to him in his sprawling bungalow in the Nairobi woods. It was hard to believe one was not sitting in some squire's home in faraway Devon.

He outlined his program as follows: "What the Coalition aims at is uniting the Europeans and thus securing fair treatment for individuals of all communities, which is also the best way of sustaining the country's economy. I know Macleod has been against this because he fears the Africans will regard it as a white "ganging up" and react accordingly. But once we have made it quite clear that we are neither opposing nor delaying the transfer of power, I am sure any African leader will understand our acting together. The fact is, politics here is still racial and is getting more so every month, thanks largely to the activities of the extremist Africans themselves."

There can be no doubt that C.-B.'s new party has struck a severe blow at the chances of Michael Blundell and his multiracial New Kenya Group. I drove out to see Blundell the next day at Nakuru, about a hundred miles upcountry. I found a fifty-year-old Yorkshireman passionately dedicated to the proposition that if the white man is to survive in Kenya or in Africa, he must merge, socially and politically, with the natives and accept native leadership. "We must all become Kenyans," he said, "not Africans, Asians, or Europeans."

The Europeans of Kenya, however, are ordinary middle-class farmers, not evangelists; they recoil with distaste from putting their foot on the lowest rung of Blundell's multiracial ladder by sending their children to mixed schools. The higher rungs of Blundellism, which presumably include intermarriage, are lost in a vicious Cloud-Cuckoo-Land as far as the average settler is concerned.

Nor, and this is far more to the point, is the African any keener to clamber up the all-Kenyan ladder. Multiracialism can only blur the edges of his nationalism, and, ironically, what he fears in it is the one thing farthest from Blundell's idealistic mind—a cynical device to project white dominance into pseudo partnership. Among the masses, Blundell's appeal has echoed back emptily.

Tribal Patchwork

When Kenya's first African-dominated parliament meets next February, all these policies and programs, both black and white, will have to be judged against two hard realities. The first is economic. In the immediate future the colony will still depend on its settler communities for prosperity. Nearly all of its present commercial, technical, administrative, and professional skills are either European or Asian, and the Congo has shown what happens when these foreign skills are suddenly withdrawn. Moreover, Kenya has no rich Katanga Province to exploit. Forty per cent of the colony's gross national product comes from agriculture, and nearly eighty per cent of this contribution is made by European farmers. One of several reasons why the white man is unlikely to scuttle out of Kenya as he scuttled out of the Congo is that he cannot take his land with him; nor, at the moment, are there any guarantees of fair compensation to tempt him to go with-

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out it. The most the Colonial Office can do is secure such guarantees. It will be for the Africans to decide whether the settler, foreign but familiar, is better excluded from the pattern of Kenyan independence or fitted into it.

The second reality is socio-political. For some years to come, the ancient tribe and not the new party machine will dominate the native mind. In Kenya, as throughout Africa, the primeval past runs right into the present; for all of Mboya's impatient enthusiasm, it simply cannot be shed overnight. Nationalist politics is already riddled with tribal fears and rivalries: K.A.N.U. is an uneasy and suspicious partnership between the Bantu Kikuyu and the Nilotic Luo. K.A.D.U. strives to become the mouthpiece of the Kipsigi, Suk, Nandi, Tugen, and other smaller tribes who fear a black Kikuyu-Luo dictatorship as the successor to impartial white rule.

Nor is this all. Among the first headaches of free Kenya will be secessionist tendencies, which again are based on the country's tribal patchwork. The 60,000 Masai in the west will veer to their blood brothers in Tanganyika. The 55,000 Somali in the north will lean toward the new state of Somalia just across the border. If another Congo is to be avoided in Kenya, a transfer must be devised that will assure the co-operation of the settlers and the rights of all those tribes who were there before them. Any African nationalism that flouted these conditions would lead the country into bankruptcy, civil war, or both. «»

Chinese Bearing Gifts

DENIS WARNER

A GIFT of ten thousand tons of rice in May of this year marked the opening of Communist China's campaign to win the friendship of the Republic of Guinea. A month later the two countries signed an agreement on cultural co-operation, under which, among other things, Guinean teachers and students will study in China. Finally, in September, President Sékou Touré made a five-day visit to Peking to collect an interest-free loan of 100 million rubles ($25 million) and to put his signature to treaties of friendship and trade under which the two countries expect to exchange 1.2 billion Guinean francs' ($4.92 million) worth of goods each year.

China's financial support for the Algerian rebels and its activities in the Congo may be dismissed as merely providing further evidence of its well-established policy of exploiting human misery to its own ends; its deal with Guinea, both in nature and implication, is another matter altogether. The beachhead established in May has been consolidated and expanded and the way opened for missionary work on a much wider scale among the 220 million African people, who, having existed for years under the "yoke of imperialism," are regarded by Peking as a splendid recruiting ground for the Communist cause. For this reason, the agreements on economic and technical co-operation and on trade and payments, the treaty of friendship, the joint communiqué issued at the conclusion of President Touré's Peking visit, and the various speeches made by the Chinese leaders and Touré merit careful—and urgent—attention by the West.

A Certain Unsubtlety

The nature and the terms of the loan, the agreement on the provision of technicians and other specialists, and the conditions under which they will live in Guinea are all carefully designed to underscore the advantages that flow from association with altruistic, humanitarian China by way of contrast with the implicit evils and designs of American aid.

Heading the list of commodities that China will export is rice, a staple item in Guinea's diet. An even more interesting item, "educational and cultural supplies," is tucked away among textiles, building materials, agricultural machinery and implements, and medicines, all well calculated to reflect China's growing industrial strength. In return, China will receive coffee, industrial diamonds, rubber, and other raw materials.

The $25-million loan is not only non-interest-bearing, it is also "without any conditions or privileges attached." Guinea will have the use of the full amount for ten years and thereafter will repay the loan, either in goods or in the currency of a third country agreed upon with China, in ten annual installments. China will send experts, technicians, and skilled workers to Guinea, provide complete equipment, machinery, and materials, and assist in the training of Guinean technicians and skilled workers. All traveling expenses, going and coming, of the Chinese experts will be met by China. Their living expenses will come out of the loan, but "Their standard of living shall not exceed that of personnel of the same rank in the Republic of Guinea."

In case this sort of innuendo goes over anyone's head, the joint communiqué becomes a good deal more explicit. "At present, all threats to and obstacles to world peace come from the side of imperialism," according to Guinea's President Sékou Touré and Liu Shao-chi, chairman of the Chinese People's Republic. "Therefore . . . the two parties solemnly declare their resolute support for the just struggle for national liberation of the peoples of Algeria, the Congo, South Africa, and other countries. They condemn the schemes of imperialism as interfering in the Congo's internal affairs and encroaching on its territorial integrity. . . ."

At the state banquet in Peking to celebrate the new accord, Liu Shao-chi left no doubt as to the identity of the "imperialists." He accused the United States of supporting both the French in Algeria and the "colonialist authorities of the Union of South Africa in their barbarous policy of racial discrimination." Under the flag of the United Nations, the United States was also "invading the Congo on a large scale, committing intervention and creating division there in an attempt to realize its scheme of swallowing up the Congo." Should it succeed, he add-

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ed, it would "unfold its schemes against the other independent African countries."

Sékou Touré, in turn, demanded that "ideological, economic, and cultural imperialism be brought to an end." He expressed his "warmest thanks" for all the contributions the Chinese had already made to the struggle of the African people. And he reassured his listeners that "Even though many slanders have been directed against your people, whom the imperialists wish to isolate from African political consciousness, we can assure you that the Africans know where the truth lies. . . . They know also the lesson they can draw from your history—to unite more effectively in the anti-imperialist struggle."

Under the circumstances, the note of jubilation in the Peking *People's Daily* editorial of September 14 summing up the results of the Sékou Touré visit and the signing of the first treaty of friendship with an African state was understandable: "It is a momentous event not only in the history of Chinese-Guinean relations but also in the history of relations between China and Africa."

THIS is a conclusion one may well share. At the same time, it is, or it ought to be, a final warning signal of what China is up to in Africa today. The establishment of the Chinese-African People's Friendship Association on April 12, the Second Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Conference in the Guinean capital of Conakry from April 11 to April 15, and a mass rally in Peking on April 17 set in train a full-scale effort by Communist China to consolidate its position with the older African states and to pick up diplomatic support from the new. "Facts prove that U.S. imperialism is today not only the Asian peoples' worst enemy but also the most dangerous enemy of the African peoples," said Kuo Mo-jo, chairman of the China Peace Committee, who delivered the keynote speech at the April rally.

Before, during, and after the conference, delegations from Algeria, Morocco, Ghana, Congo, Kenya, the Ivory Coast, Mali, Zanzibar, Somalia, Gabon, Uganda, Sierra Leone, Cameroon, and Togo flowed into China for the Red-carpet treatment. In June there were no less than five separate delegations from the Congo in the country. Some delegates were dazzled by what they saw. Others expressed the opinion that China's revolution had awakened Africa.

NOT ALL were awakened in the way the Communists hoped, however. Despite Peking's blandishments, Togo, Cameroon, Somalia, and the Malagasy Republic have either exchanged diplomatic missions with Nationalist China or have announced their intention of doing so. Moreover, the Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Niger, Dahomey, the Union of Central African Republics, and Gabon are all regarded as unlikely to recognize Peking. Liberia and Libya both favor Taipei.

To make sure that its message is being heard loud and clear, however, Peking Radio has increased its broadcasts beamed to Africa and has given a wide coverage to African affairs, with heavy emphasis on China's role as a true friend of the African independence movement, "resolutely opposed to imperialism, colonialism, and neo-colonialism," its pejoratives for American aid.

It is not a situation that should occasion any complacency. That numerous new states have not responded to Peking's trumpet call does not necessarily imply that they have made up their minds irrevocably and forever. In some cases, members of the French Community, with rulers sympathetic to France, have accepted the lead given by Paris in foreign affairs—about which they know little and which, in any event, is not the most pressing of their concerns. But it seems improbable that they will all remain steadfast when they become accustomed to the reins and strains of office and subject to nationalistic pressures to think for themselves. For the fact that they have shown no great eagerness to accept Peking's embrace will only spur the Chinese Communists to greater efforts. As part of China's plan to woo and win the underdeveloped world, the Guinea deal was cheap at the price.

The Strong Man of Guinea

LLOYD M. GARRISON

"NO COUNTRY is more misunderstood than Guinea," said President Sékou Touré. "There are three images of Guinea—the West's, the East's, and our own. But for us, East and West doesn't exist. Ours is a world of haves and have-nots. Our friends are determined solely on the basis of whether they support our aspirations."

Touré's meaning was clear: the Communist East understood Guinea; the West, and America in particular, did not. Evidence of Soviet-bloc "understanding" is apparent everywhere in Conakry, the capital city. Civil servants ride about in four hundred Soviet jeeps, the official vehicles for all government use. Western consumer goods are disappearing from the shelves, and competing for their place are Polish cigarettes, East German flour, Czech Pilsener beer, and Soviet soap, sugar, and matches—which fail to light in Conakry's damp climate. Even wine, long a French monopoly, is now being imported from Czechoslovakia.

In Guinea's independence year, 1958, eighty per cent of its trade was with France. Now Guinea has cut free from the franc zone, and the bulk of its trade is with the East. Long-term barter agreements with the Soviet-bloc countries have tied up most of Guinea's exports: coffee, bananas, palm oil, and citrus fruits. Thanks to a $35-million Soviet low-interest loan, Guinea is investing in a new National Assembly Building, a polytechnic institute, a 25,000-seat stadium, a printing plant, a powerful short-wave transmitter, and a jet-length runway at Conakry's airport. More than two hundred Communist technical advisers are now supervising the construction of these showcase projects.

Two years ago, there were seven thousand Frenchmen in Guinea. Today, fewer than two thousand remain. When Guinea overwhelmingly

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rejected the French offer to remain within the French Community and voted for independence instead, de Gaulle retaliated. French personnel were abruptly withdrawn, government offices were stripped of desks and filing cabinets, and even the educational records were taken to Paris. French policy was calculated to make Guinea an "example" for the other French colonies in Africa. To date, all the others have seen fit to take their independence within the French Community.

To fill the vacuum created by the departure of the French, Touré gratefully accepted offers of Communist teachers, doctors, midwives, and communications experts. Although several hundred students are still sent to universities in France, an even greater number are studying (on full scholarships) in Prague, Warsaw, Moscow, and Peking. In contrast, the United States took only eight students in the last academic year, and Great Britain five.

The Touré government's grip on the economy is a tight one. When Guinea quit the franc zone and printed its own francs, Touré's brain trust, the Bureau Politique, also launched a huge state-run agency to determine the flow of all import-export trade and to govern the sale and distribution of goods internally. In August, foreign banks were ordered to deposit fifty per cent of their accounts in the government National Bank or get out of the country. Of five firms, one has managed to stay under these terms. One of the main slogans of Touré's ambitious new Three-Year Plan is "Decolonize the Economy" of French interests, and this intention will undoubtedly succeed. Already, parts of downtown Conakry resemble a ghost town, with more and more French businesses shuttering down and the owners flying home.

TOURE, a powerfully built man in his late thirties, has recently completed a whirlwind tour of the Soviet Union and China. In Moscow, the Soviets pledged their aid in expanding Guinea's railway system and building a giant hydroelectric power project on the Konkouré River, which is to Guinea what the Aswan Dam is to Egypt. (Already fifty Russian technicians have arrived in Guinea to start work on the railroads.) In Peking more than a hundred thousand Chinese were mustered to hear Touré speak at a spectacular open-air rally staged in his honor, and the official *People's Daily* devoted six of its eight pages to his arrival. This was wider coverage than Nikita Khrushchev got on his visit to China last year. At the climax of his tour, Touré signed a trade pact in which China agreed to help finance Guinea's three-year plan with a $25-million loan, interest-free—a bargain not even the Russians have been able to match.

Hurrying back to Conakry for a brief report on his trip, Touré then took off again for New York to address the General Assembly. Echoing one of Khrushchev's major themes, he solidly backed the Soviet's latest anti-colonial line: with most African states now independent or well on the road to it, Touré warned Africans that they face a more subtle but equally sinister threat of being "asphyxiated economically" by the ex-colonial masters. In short, western business enterprise must be uprooted and cast out. "As long as Africa remains an economic appendage of the metropolitan powers," Touré said, "true emanicipation will never be won."

To many observers, Touré's speech, which lasted more than two hours, seemed to repeat most of Khrushchev's major policy positions. Some delegates were surprised, however, when Touré spoke again the morning after Khrushchev's shoe-pounding exhibition. Reproaching the Communists for "cluttering up" the colonialism issue with propaganda, he called instead for "an atmosphere of understanding and collaboration." This, said Touré, is better than "trying to feed the fires of discontent and disturbance." That evening, Khrushchev flew back to Moscow without comment, and over the weekend Touré slipped quietly down to Havana—the only head of state attending the General Assembly to accept Castro's invitation to visit Cuba. On the eve of his departure for the trip home to Guinea, Touré and Castro agreed to cultural exchanges and signed a trade pact.

Cars Come Later

The fact that Communist aid has embraced almost the entire Guinean economy does not disturb Touré. I have heard him vehemently deny that such aid necessarily contains "strings." Western suggestions that Guinea "has gone Communist" or at best become a Soviet satellite nettle him. "You know what I do for relaxation?" he has said. "I gather all the latest clippings from the western press, and the things they say about us make me laugh." But there was more frustration than humor in his voice.

From Guinea's viewpoint, the United States has failed to qualify as an "understanding" friend because it arrived with too little aid, too late. Out of deference to France, the State Department withheld recognition of Guinea's independence until more than fifty other nations had granted it. Moreover, when Guinea turned first to the United States with a request for help immediately after the French evacuation, the fact that the State Department did not even reply to their note was taken as a deliberate insult.

The Soviets have no colonial history in Africa, and Communist aggressions in Korea, Hungary, or Tibet are either ignored by Guineans or tossed off as complications of the cold war "which have nothing to do with us." Long before independence, many Guinean students in France were feted by French Communists; some were given free excursions to Moscow. Many of the present cabinet ministers received their political initiation in the Confédération Générale du Travail (CGT), France's Marxist-dominated trade-union movement.

Touré, who speaks French with force and eloquence, is among those who served a political apprenticeship in the CGT. While neither he nor more than a handful of his compatriots became Communists, they have acquired what one American diplomat described as a "built-in affinity for the East." Guineans

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are impressed with Russia's development from a backward economy to Sputniks in forty years. While many express wonderment at America's opulence, it is hardly surprising that a people who are ninety-two per cent illiterate find it difficult to identify our wealth as a goal within their immediate reach. As one Guinean just back from the United States told me, "It took America three hundred years to reach its peak. What we need now are the basic things: more food, more hospitals, more schools, roads, and industry. Snack bars, supermarkets, and a car for every worker can come later." American government, with its subtle checks and balances and its stress on the virtue of compromise and evolution, appears too complex and slow-moving for Guinea's needs. In comparison, the Soviet system seems simpler and more direct, capable of harvesting quick results on a massive scale.

Communist China's revolution is also being held up as a model worth emulating. One of Guinea's biggest problems is that of breaking up the tradition of the "extended family," in which one man who works may support ten members of the family who don't. Following China's lead, Touré has initiated a "human investment" force, in which seventy per cent of the population will be required to "volunteer" twenty days' labor on state projects each year. It is estimated that one-fifth of the budget for Touré's new three-year plan will be paid for in "human investment."

One Big Party

Guinea's political backbone is a disciplined one-party machine, the Parti Démocratique de Guinée (P.D.G.). Founded just before independence as a national front made up of several political sects, the P.D.G. has become an extension of Touré's Comité Politique, which serves as a "Politburo" in which all major decisions are reached. The national assembly and the regional and village councils are all controlled by P.D.G. members who funnel party policies down to the lowest echelons and see that they are respected. Guinean students are mobilized in the P.D.G.'s junior branch, the J.R.D.A. Among other things, young J.R.D.A. militants are used to corral Guinean citizens into cheering sections along the parade routes of visiting VIPs; failure to show up means a thousand-franc fine.

In addition to these informal strong-arm tactics, Touré has not failed to use his full power and to exploit his widespread popularity to stamp out the slightest hint of opposition to his régime. In April, more than twenty Africans and a handful of French, Lebanese, and Swiss were arrested and tried for treason. The prosecution claimed that all the defendants were engaged in a plot to overthrow the government with arms smuggled in from Senegal. None of the defendants was permitted to testify, and there was no defense counsel; most of the accused were sentenced to death, and several died of "natural causes" before the trial ended.

"The people," says Touré, "want national unity and have endorsed our program as representing their best interests." If the people wish to modify party policy, they are free to do so, claims Touré—through the village and regional councils, i.e., within the party system. He proudly asserts that thus far the councils have uniformly endorsed ready-made party decisions which have been handed down for "discussion" at the local levels. To Touré, this is proof of democratic approval and not a reflection that few Guineans would dare question the party line.

"Yes, we have only one party in Guinea," Touré concedes. But he adds, "Do you want us to have fifty? That's what would happen if we allowed it. History, not a dictator, imposed one party on us. Look at the Congo today: dozens of parties and special interest groups are tearing the country apart. If real progress is achieved by the Congolese they will learn, as we have, that unity is essential to freedom."

In the interior city of Labé, slogans lining the wall of P.D.G. headquarters cry "Death to Opportunism!" and "down with Individualism!," and this tack is pursued with religious if not ruthless dedication. "Only the party," Touré has declared, "must direct the state."

In contrast to a generally admiring view of the East, Guinea's suspicion of American democracy is complicated by an exaggerated impression of the segregation issue. On a recent trip to Guinea, an interracial American student group found that eighty per cent of the questions they were asked dealt with segregation. At first, many Guineans believed the white and Negro members of this "Operations Crossroads Africa" group had been "instructed" to behave cordially to one another. Others, who wanted to come to America to study, were afraid that as Africans their lives would be in danger—not just in the South but everywhere.

COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA feeds freely on this distorted image of America. In Conakry's main bookstore I found thirty-three different magazines from China, Russia, and the satellites; many are specially edited for African consumption, and all of them are published in French. The only American publications are located in the U.S. Information Service library, and all but a few are in English. A cultural-affairs officer admitted, "We're still catching the devil here," although more than seven thousand Guineans visited the library in the first ten weeks after opening day, the Fourth of July. If adequate funds are forthcoming, the two-man USIS staff hopes to launch a mass English-language program; in the meantime USIS is broadcasting English courses over Radio Guinea which have generated an enthusiastic mail response not only from listeners within the country but from nearby Senegal and Sierra Leone. Touré has proclaimed English as Guinea's second language, and the U.S. International Cooperation Administration (ICA) has financed an impressive English-language program for Guinean teachers, run by a private firm, English Language Services, Inc. (E.L.S.), of Washington, D.C. More than a hundred graduates of the course are now teaching English in primary school. Today E.L.S. is conducting similar intensive classes in English for more than forty Guinean scholarship students who will arrive shortly in the United States to take up studies in American institutions. In all, the United States has offered Guinea scholarships for 150 students.

But ICA has not had the same success in its negotiations for direct

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U.S. government technical assistance. At issue are the terms of the ICA contract, which is primarily based on agreements made with European allies after the Second World War. Conditions in the contract that might have appeared reasonable enough to a country like Britain strike sensitive Guineans as infringements on their new sovereignty. For example, the so-called "no duplication" clause requires that U.S. money must not be spent on projects that are also sponsored by aid from other countries; Guineans feel that they should have the final say as to where money is needed most—even if it means teaming up with the Russians on a common program. The contract also calls for the setting up of a permanent ICA mission with full diplomatic privileges, which means principally the right to import food and household effects duty-free. Guineans point out that the Russians don't demand these privileges. Furthermore, of the American Foreign Service personnel assigned to the Conakry embassy, only the ambassador is granted this special status.

THE SHARPEST DISAGREEMENT is over the question of giving ICA technicians diplomatic immunity from arrest. Guinea argues that ICA is an agency separate from the diplomatic corps and therefore its employees are not eligible. Again, we are reminded that the Russians have accommodated themselves to this condition without protest. In reply, ICA contends that its terms have proven acceptable to more than sixty other nations, including Ghana. But such precedents fail to sway Touré. "The trouble with you Americans," he said, "is that you are most interested in the form, not the substance, of aid."

On September 30, after months of abortive discussion, Guinea finally agreed to let ICA establish a permanent U.S. Operations Mission in Conakry. Neither country has revealed the details of the agreement. On the sensitive points of diplomatic privilege and immunity, ICA says noncommittally that "an understanding" has been reached.

While in Conakry I also learned that last June Guinea accepted a $1-million Public Law 480 grant of U.S. surplus agricultural commodities. While this agreement has not been formally announced, the United States is providing $500,000 in rice, $400,000 in flour, and $100,000 in milk products. Guinea will sell this food through commercial channels and deposit an equivalent million dollars in Guinean francs in a special U.S. account. These deposits are to be banked in Conakry and will be used to support future ICA development projects.

Reports of Guinea's latest deals with Moscow and Peking do not alarm ICA officials in Washington. Asked to comment on China's $25-million loan, one ICA spokesman said a few days ago: "More power to them. Our plans haven't changed. We're still anxious to conclude agreements with Guinea on a mutually acceptable basis." At the State Department, officials interpret Guinea's new willingness to negotiate with the United States as a sign that Touré may want to redress the overwhelming balance of aid he has accepted from the East.

Even Touré may find it difficult to avoid the kind of "asphyxiation" he warned against at the U.N. if he persists in wedding Guinea's entire economy to the Communist bloc.

Neutralism in Africa

W. A. LEWIS

IT IS TEMPTING for the great western powers to be angry with the new African states that vigorously proclaim their neutrality. After all, even when one has said the worst about colonialism, all the new African states owe some debt to their former governors for past help—cultural, institutional, and economic. All of them, except Guinea and the former Belgian Congo, have attained their independence in an atmosphere of friendship and good will, which some of the western states had hoped would also crystallize into military or economic alliances.

Some of the African states do indeed feel very strongly the urge toward continued association with their former rulers. Cultural ties are strong, and the habit of looking to London or Paris for news, ideas, entertainment, education, technical staff, and other associations is not easily shaken off. Probably Nigeria will remain British-oriented for some time, just as the Ivory Coast, Senegal, Tunisia, and some others are eager to retain special ties with France. But in the world we live in, any political alliance will inevitably be transitory.

The world is dominated by the antagonism between the Communist and the NATO countries. To the NATO countries it seems obvious that the new African states, fearing aggression or subversion by Communists, should ally themselves with NATO and even seek protection in the form of military bases. This, however, is not what Africans understand by independence. Some of the African leaders are disposed to take sides, but they will not prevail for long against the neutralist tide.

VERY FEW MEN ever wish to take sides in a quarrel they have not initiated. The appeal to constitute a Third Force is very strong, especially when it is wrapped in the cloak of peacemaking and conciliation. Even in Europe some politicians have yearned to be a Third Force, with Russia right on their doorstep. The new African states find that for years India and Egypt have led neutral blocs in their respective areas. If these countries can get away with it, the appeal of neutralism to African states south of the Sahara is even stronger.

To the average African politician, independence means freedom to do business with both sides. If the Soviet Union can have embassies in London, Paris, and Washington, then why should there be any bar against having Soviet embassies in Conakry, Accra, or Léopoldville? Any suggestion of such a bar implies that to him African countries are either less sovereign or less sensible than others, and is inevitably resented. Sooner or later every African

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state will insist on its freedom to have a Soviet embassy, and Soviet-bloc aid of all kinds.

To interpret insistence on relations with Russia as partiality toward Communism is a grave and dangerous error. Actually, most of these same African politicians are afraid of Russia—even more afraid than their European counterparts. In insisting on relations with Russia they may be naïve, but they are not partial.

Most African politicians fear the Soviet Union because they know full well that Communists deal ruthlessly with those who stand in their way. They are not meeting Communism for the first time. Communists have been trying to take over the colonial independence movements for forty years, without success. Many African politicians understand Communist tactics even better than their European counterparts because they have had more to do with Communists. Some have actually been in the Communist Party, and have come out disillusioned.

In inviting Russia into their countries even though they fear it, these politicians are walking a tightrope, and they know it. A Soviet embassy is not just a center for cultural relations. The Russians bring in as many of their people as they are allowed to do, flood the country with propaganda, give aid and instructions to local Communists, and try to prepare the country for membership in the Communist bloc.

Scared but Proud

African governments hope to evade trouble in two ways. First, by restricting the activities of the embassies. They restrict the number of persons who may come into the country, and they try to ensure strict observance of the diplomatic code. Obviously, if having a Soviet embassy in Nigeria meant only having ten Russian diplomats sitting in Lagos, the danger would be small. However, dealings with the Soviet Union mean not one embassy but ten. In addition, technical aid can quickly flood the country with Russian, Chinese, and other experts, whose extracurricular activities are hardly controllable. A large country like Nigeria could probably absorb all these people, but they are bound to make their mark on a small country like Guinea.

The second safeguard on which African governments rely is to ban native Communist Parties. This, however, is not a simple operation. It is easy to prohibit a Communist Party by law, and this has been done in nearly every African state (making these "neutralists" more anti-Communist, on the face of the matter, than most of the western states). But no law can prohibit fellow traveling, and Communist operations have never depended on having large mass support. What the Communists want is to get a few of their men into strategic positions, where they can influence policy and where, in circumstances of riot, mutiny, or other civil disturbance, they can at the crucial moment supply a leaderless and angry mob with firm and purposeful direction.

The real problem for African governments, then, is how to keep fellow travelers out of strategic positions. This is easier for the dictators than it is for democrats—and quite a number of African governments are democratic in the old-fashioned sense. The democratic parties cannot keep out fellow travelers, or prevent them from gaining popularity and becoming ministers in the government. The dictators can control membership of their parties and appointments to influential posts. But the dictators are attracted by the radical approach of fellow travelers. So they tend to surround themselves with fellow-traveling advisers, even though they are afraid of Russia.

These difficulties arise, however, whether an African state declares for neutralism or lines itself up with the West. Fellow travelers are a problem everywhere, even in the heart of the West. Indeed, they are less of a problem in Africa than elsewhere, because most African leaders value the notion of African independence much too highly to be willing to take orders from Moscow.

How should the West react? By understanding and accepting African neutralism. Those African countries that line up with the NATO countries should be regarded as windfalls. The others, which will be the majority, should be respected. There is no point in trying to oppose the entry of Russia into Africa. This is impossible, and by alienating Africa from the West it will have the opposite effect to that which is intended. African nations will have Communist embassies. They will also have Soviet economic aid, and will regard as enemies any persons who try to prevent them having such aid. To attack African neutralism or to try to stand in the way of African relations with Communist states is to play right into the hands of Russia.

The correct policy for the West is not to try directly to weaken African ties with Russia, but rather to strengthen African ties with the West. Russia has nothing to offer that the West cannot offer in greater abundance. Indeed, the West has great advantages over Russia in competing for African support. It starts with a great fund of good will, and a thousand ties of language, education, institutions, and culture; whereas the Africans fear Russia, and look to it for aid only as a last resort. If the Soviets win out in Africa it will be only because of western arrogance combined with western meanness.

Other People's Quarrels

Neutralism, like the penny, has two sides. Some African leaders who say to the West, "We don't want to get mixed up in your quarrels," are also saying, "And please keep out of our quarrels; we Africans will form our own Pan-African institutions in which to settle our own affairs." Since Africa is as quarrelsome a continent as Europe, the West must also decide what line to take toward African quarrels.

But neutralism does not necessarily just mean, "We don't want to get mixed up in your quarrels." Africans are not saying, "Let East and West have a war if they like, so long as we stay out." They are saying, on the contrary: "East and West must not go to war, and we Africans intend to do what we can to prevent them." Africans have arrived in great numbers in the United Nations declaring their intention to intervene in the quarrel between East and West and to effect some reconciliation.

If Africa insists that it is entitled to intervene in other people's quarrels, it must expect others to intervene in African quarrels. This is the

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meaning of joining the United Nations. U.N. membership involves acceptance of intervention in any international quarrel anywhere. The reason is simple: any quarrel anywhere, however remote and small, now threatens to become a world conflagration and is therefore a matter of world concern.

It would be pleasant, of course, if each continent could form its own organization to settle its own problems peacefully, without bringing in other continents or the United Nations. To a very limited degree, the Western Hemisphere has been successful on this score, but there is no continental organization in Europe, Asia, or Africa that can handle continental quarrels smoothly and effectively.

African quarrels cannot be insulated, partly because they do not involve only other Africans and partly because, even when only Africans are involved, Africa is not capable of settling them alone.

Declaration of Interdependence

Africa is still quarreling with Europe —over political rights of Africans in countries that are not yet independent and over the rights of Europeans in countries just reaching independence.

The first of these quarrels has put the West into a difficult position and plays into the hands of the Communists. Following rules that the Europeans made for themselves, each European country has been allowed to claim that its quarrel with its own colonies or overseas territories is purely a domestic affair. Hence, they have said, the United Nations has no right to debate what France does in Algeria, what Britain does in Nyasaland, or what Portugal does in Angola. But Africans did not make these rules and do not accept them. The United States has been embarrassed, and now reluctantly sides with Africans on this issue. To Russia it is a godsend. The West cannot straighten out its relations with Africa until it recognizes that its relations with Africa are not a domestic but an international issue, and liquidates forthwith all remnants of colonialism.

Liquidating colonialism is not the same thing as getting out of Africa. If the British had gotten out of Ghana when it became independent, the new country would have collapsed. What makes it possible for African states to become independent, despite the fact that they have so little trained personnel, is the fact that they have reached a *modus vivendi* with their former governors

that enables civil servants and technicians to remain in former colonies. The two exceptions have proved to be tragedies. In Guinea, the French foolishly withdrew their personnel, and thus put Guinea into the hands of personnel from the Communist bloc. The United Nations went into the Congo passing resolutions to get the Belgians out, but the best hope for the Congo is that the United Nations will persuade the Congolese leaders to let the Belgian personnel in again. Perhaps they will learn their lesson from the fact that the Ghanaian force that went into the Congo to get the Belgians out was led by an English general.

The moral of this story is that Africa cannot for the time being live without Europeans. And Europeans cannot remain in Africa unless Europeans respect African independence, and unless Africans respect the Europeans who serve them.

Some of these Europeans will be Russians. In the Congo the United Nations has been maneuvered into appearing to work for two principles: "Get the Belgians out" and "Keep the Russians out." Both are silly slogans. The problem in Africa is to find terms that simultaneously keep the Europeans in, let the Russians in, respect African independence, and prevent East and West from fighting over Africa.

Apart from quarreling with Europe, the African states also quarrel bitterly with each other, especially in West Africa. It would be extremely fortunate if the West African states could form some sort of federation such as Ghana has been advocating, or even a mild institution modeled on the Organization of American States, which is championed by Liberia and Nigeria. Unfortunately, no such move seems likely at present. The leaders distrust each other too much, and are too jealous of their freedom of action to commit themselves to anything that savors of limiting sovereignty.

The West ought to support the idea of an Organization of African States on the American model, and the seed already exists in the (very poorly organized) Accra Conference of Independent African States. To Americans the advantages seem obvious, but the idea is very hard for Europeans to swallow, since the French cling to the idea of the French Community and the British cling to the idea of the British Commonwealth. Both the Community and the Commonwealth are excellent ideas, but they need not clash with an Organization of African States, and if they are made to clash, it is the Community and the Commonwealth that will be destroyed. The British know this, and the nature of their Commonwealth changes every day, adjusting itself to local nationalisms. But the French find this lesson hard to learn, even from so masterly a tutor as de Gaulle.

In the meantime, West Africans have many problems to solve in their relations with each other, problems they can most easily solve within the framework of wider international institutions. These problems are especially acute in the economic field—movement of goods across frontiers, access to ports of neighboring countries, customs unions, currency exchanges, regional research organizations, regional training schemes, and so on. The best place to reach agreement on such problems is the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa, which is flanked by regional conferences of other U.N. specialized agencies.

Up to three years ago, the policy of the West was to keep the United Nations out of Africa; the creation of the Economic Commission was resisted to the bitter end. The time has come to put weight behind such organizations, since for the present they are the only hope Africans have of settling their problems quietly, without fear of any one African country's coming to dominate the rest. Africa needs the United Nations even more than the United Nations needs Africa.

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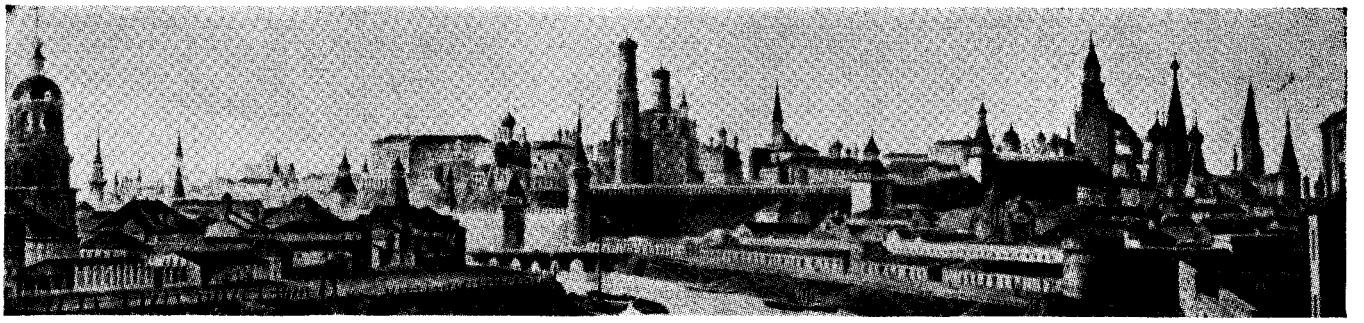

Dialogue of a Tourist in Russia

MARYA MANNES

THE VIEW from the twenty-seventh floor of the Hotel Ukraine in Moscow should be exciting, for the eye has no impediment: from one window I could see the curve of the Moscow River beyond freight yards; from the other I could see the major artery of Kuznetsov Street, and far away, on the only rise, the imposing complex of the University on the Lenin Hills.

But there was a terrible loneliness about this view. The river was dead, without shipping. The acres of identical yellow apartment houses in unbroken rows seemed without life. Kuznetsov Street, like all the Soviet avenues built for a limitless future, was ten lanes wide, and though never free from a moderate stream of trucks night and day, there was about it an inhuman desolation: it was a street of wheels, empty of men. And beyond the river, the only vertical piercing this horizontal monotony was the high steel tower that jams broadcasts from the West. It straddled there like a robot guardian of the people. Even at night, when lights make cities exciting, the view from the Hotel Ukraine was not. It evoked only the consciousness that this was indeed Moscow and that I was in another world inexpressibly distant from my own. I felt shut in, shut out: the chronic climate of this city and state.

Yet the room was a haven of sorts from the Ukraine lobby, a formidable prelude to Russian life, more dismaying even than the first view of the building itself. Moscow's skyscrapers—the University, two hotels, two apartment houses, and two government bureaus—are huge without being heroic, high without being lofty. Palaces of pride, they are frosted with dismal decorative detail in the worst nineteenth-century taste. And yet, in the interior dialogue that, in my isolation, became the only free exchange, a second voice said, "What they aimed for was good: to honor, with great planning and effort, the concepts of government, housing, learning, and hospitality." And when I was taken through the University, this honoring was constantly evident: in the spacious procession of halls and rooms, in their permanent materials, in the care with which they were swept and polished.

But at the Ukraine I encountered two immediate depressants: the dim lighting that makes all public places in Moscow forlorn and joyless, and a smell that I have never smelt before and find hard to describe. It is a mixture of stale cooking, old clothing, and the exhalations of rooms dusted but never washed. One could not say that the lobby was airless, because the doors to the outside chill were always open and no one took off his overcoat. But what one breathes there is nevertheless not oxygen.

How Weary, Stale, Flat . . .

The people in the lobby at the Ukraine prompted my first voice to say, "This is the new capital of the world." Here were all the races from Near East to Far East, from Africa to Siberia, from the Caucasus to China. Here were eggplant-skinned men in caracul caps and pure white linen tunics, coffee-colored men in long camel's-hair nightgowns, Peking Chinese in austere and neutral uniforms, and the ubiquitous satellite hordes in light gray coats and hats and cheap tan shoes that proclaim the new proletarian, technological man. I found myself amused at the leap of kinship that arose in me when I saw the craggy features and easy strides of British delegates (there was an oceanographic conference going on) or heard the gentle Oxford accents issuing from the soft faces of Indians.

As for the hotel staff, they presented my first view of that fatigue which is stamped, it seems, on the face of every Russian over thirty. I have never seen more tired people than the women—most Russian clerks are women—at the administration desks, the Intourist office, and in the elevators. Some of the operators are fairly young and use lipstick or wear beads and high heels. But most are gray with weariness, their ungroomed hair tucked under the eternal kerchief, their shoulders huddled beneath shawls. Weary too are the women guardians on each floor, the dispensers of keys, the watchers of aliens, the arbiters of service. But the added dimension of power is inclined to make them hostile: suspicion is their companion, and rarely permits a smile except to their own kind, the maids on the floor. On the streets of Moscow and Leningrad I saw such women multiplied a thousandfold. I had always thought of the Russians as intense and volatile, surging between exuberance and despair, but I have

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not seen a society so devoid of beauty or the manifestations of joy, so monolithically drab as these people appear to be.

But my second voice would say, "Wait a minute. Your little guide is pretty and gay, isn't she?" And I remembered the handsome young couple at the Marriage Palace in Leningrad, flushed with pleasure and embarrassment; the handsome aging wife of the architect in the same city; the pleasant young woman on the train from Moscow to Leningrad who offered me her food; the warm and eager ex-sailor on the plane back to Moscow, determined to make me understand Russian, pressing small gifts on me.

As for fatigue and drabness, my second voice said, "Why not? Revolution, war, famine, desolation have taken a terrible toll of them, and so has the merciless absence of privacy. For people who live several to a room, sleep is a holiday."

As for the coldness to Americans, the U-2 struck much deeper than we know, reviving fear. The Russians are told, every day and night, how we plot against them. I have heard what they hear.

My second voice also reminded me that I had no access to their private pleasures: somewhere the Russians must smile. Surely the elite musicians and writers and actors and scientists and party bosses in their handsome skyscraper flats laugh and joke and horse around of an evening, and even their poorer comrades—the people you see—must soften with vodka after a day's work.

Perhaps the distractions of beauty, hilarity, or overt sex are permissible only in the context of purpose. A woman can be beautiful to serve the Soviet stage or ballet or cinema; laughter is for the circus; sex is for the Soviet family. But to what end is woman merely beautiful in herself? I looked for feminine consciousness of body, but even the few well-made and well-complexioned young women dressed to deny their breasts and waists and legs and made no effort with their hair. Beauty as a luxury had a low priority.

Yet then I remember a fashion show at the enormous filigreed GUM department store, where pretty women modeled attractively simple clothes in current style. The crowd—the women kerchief-headed, as many old as young—looked at them with a look of transfiguration, as if shown the Holy Grail.

I saw the Soviet people not only during their endless shuffle along the streets, going to and from work, but also in parks constructed for their relaxation, in theaters, in museums, and in exhibitions. Except for ecstatic clapping at a Richter recital, a general gravity prevailed. Only the children seemed released in laughter during their games or at the wonderful theaters run for them. And here again we have a Soviet pride, their dominant one. They swaddle their children with love and tenderness, and the children—strong and vital and shining—seem to be free of the distractions of doubt and fear. I saw a number of them in a typical day nursery, variously dressed, ebullient. They sang a May Day song like little patriots and they chanted, "What do all people want? Peace! Peace! Peace!" But they also sang "Hickawry dickawry duck, ze mouse rhan up ze cluck," and although they were disciplined and orderly, I was conscious of no repression. Nor did I see a clouded or withdrawn face.

Will they grow like their fathers and mothers? Or is this a new race freed from the crushing burdens of past wars and the rising state? When they inherit the four-day week, the new apartments, and possibly world dominance, will their faces lighten? Or will they also inherit the airless isolation, the rigid compartmentalization that seals up their present?

A Brilliant Sterility

I had not realized before just how encapsuled and stratified the Russians were until my own status in their land shed light on this. I came as a tourist, although the word "Writer" followed "Occupation" in my passport and I made no secret of my professional interests. But did this fact help me to meet Soviet writers? No. Had I come under the aegis of the ministry of culture, this could have been arranged, but as a tourist it was difficult if not impossible. Furthermore, what kind of writer did I want to meet? On what subject? When I said it did not matter—journalist, novelist, critic, anything, so long as the writer was willing to talk to me—the shades were pulled down. I had to be specific. All right, I said, I write a lot of television criticism; could I meet a television critic? We have none, they said. Well, could I meet a writer who was interested in the subject of mass communications and their function? After a week, a highly intelligent editor of a technological magazine for youth was produced and a conversation of reasonable flexibility did ensue. But this entailed maximum effort on the part of the intermediary. I had hoped to see a ballet class, but when they asked "Are you a dancer?" and I said I was not, the issue was closed. I asked to see a certain building. "Are you an architect?" they said; and when I said no, they asked, "Then why are you interested?" The idea of a broad humanistic interest seemed inconceivable.

The more I saw and the more I heard, the more apparent this lack of cross-pollination became. Musicians met musicians, dancers dancers, actors actors, teachers teachers, and editors editors, and only in the highest echelons, it seemed, did they overlap. But how can a culture emerge from this? Where is the generous, general room of ideas on which imagination lives?

By and large, Soviet culture lives off its own fat. Superb as their execution of ballet may be, professionally healthy as their theater productions can be, brilliant as their performing musicians are, the forward movement seems to have come to a halt decades ago. Imagination and vitality still prevail in their marvelous puppet shows, but the word is "still"; they were always superior and unique.

Visual beauty died with the Czars; the Kremlin itself, the onion-domed churches, the palaces of Petersburg—for it is Peter's city, given glory by foreigners like Rossi and Rastrelli and Cameron—only these in Soviet Russia enrich the eye and elate the heart. The painting, sculpture, and architecture of the Soviet state are generally atrocious. I thought if I saw another statue of Soviet youth striding forward into the future, arms outraised, I would scream. Everywhere this deadly moralism sucks the life out of contemporary expression. It belongs, in fact, with death:

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the graves of the party notables and artist-heroes in the Kremlin cemetery are surmounted by marble portraits of the deceased, faithful to the last mole. In heavy cold rain, with the leaves fallen and sodden, more than they had died.

YET balanced against these present blights, said my other voice, is the enormous care with which the present Russians preserve their past beauties. Millions of rubles and artisan-hours go into restoring the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo (now Pushkin village) from the vicious mutilations of the German Army: a job of many years and infinite skill and patience, whether in the reconstruction of elaborate inlaid flooring or of the innumerable painted vignettes that adorn walls and ceilings. When work is finished, as in the Ostankino Palace outside Moscow, the result is breath-taking in its elegance; and the shuffling crowds, equipped with the mandatory felt slippers, are awed into silence. They know what they have inherited. And my other voice said surely this past loveliness must in time educate the eye and refine the taste. Perhaps the old, simple people who stand enthralled before the cloying illustrative realism of party painters may not change, but what of the young?

Whatever I saw, wherever I went in Moscow or Leningrad, my interior dialogue persisted, balancing first impact with further thought. I would quail at the bleakness of Moscow's great arteries but admire the Soviets for their generous planning. When I despaired at the constant injection of dogma into the young, I had to remember the faces of schoolchildren at the Theater for Young Spectators in Leningrad, in whose faces I saw a purity and sense of wonder rare in our own young.

The mediocrity and expensiveness of most consumer products was everywhere evident. But so was the profusion of bookshops, and the fact that subway stands were filled not with comics but with inexpensive books on everything from electronics to fairy tales. I remember, too, that on the train from Moscow to Leningrad, every third Russian appeared to be reading a book.

In an atmosphere that seemed to me cold if not hostile, I could not help but notice the kindness of the people to each other and especially to their children. Only in queues—their daily, hourly penance—did they explode into truculence, and I could not blame them.

The relentless bleakness of their new housing repelled me, but I had to remember that they paid a minimal rent, not only for their premises but for a system that included a nursery, a clinic, a well-equipped playground, workshops, and sometimes a theater in each block unit.

I have mentioned their compartmentalization, but there is something to be said for providing spacious quarters (usually the palaces of former nobles) where scientists, teachers, doctors, architects, and farmers can meet their own kind after hours. It is all part of this pattern of pride in profession which, precisely because it is collective rather than personal, sustains the Soviet citizen. It is their "togetherness." Like ours, too, it can mean an abdication of responsibility.

There are, no doubt, delinquents in Russia. I saw a number of furtive adolescents who bore little resemblance to the heroic figures of Soviet youth breasting the future. But the Soviets manage to keep most of their young off the streets and busy, not only in school hours but in the many "circles" provided by the labor or professional units to which their elders belong. Thus the son of an auto worker can go to the local auto circle after school and find there the room and equipment for any hobby that may attract him, from ship-model building to acrobatics. I find it sad that "aimless play" is discouraged, but an equal case could be made against the aimless entertainment of our own spare time.

TO ANYONE who has free access to many (and contradictory) truths, the Soviet enclosure provokes frustration and incredulity. Every day, in print, on radio, on television, the facts are withheld or tailored to their strait-jacket needs. During the U.N. weeks of explosion, Khrushchev won victory after victory. Neither word nor camera betrayed the slightest setback. The Soviet people, presented hourly with the tumultuous applause of the Communist bloc, were spared all evidence that a great part of the world, neutral as well as western-oriented, was shocked and alarmed by their chairman's attempt to wreck the United Nations. Castro was, of course, lionized as freedom's champion. Imperialism, colonialism, aggression—daily the tired, inapplicable slogans paraded the pages and the air waves. I said some of this, in modified terms, to a Soviet writer and broadcaster. "It is true," he said, "that we still have too much dogma. It is a leftover from the war, and it will decrease as time goes on."

They say, of course, that we have our own dogma: a blanket hatred and fear of Communism that makes any recognition of its achievements politically and morally impermissible. Communication, certainly, was not made easier by the many American tourists who preferred to expound the superiorities of our way of life rather than listen to the accomplishments of theirs. "They are not," said one weary American official, "doing us much good."

Certainly, too, three weeks is no time to judge a society kept aloof not only by an isolation officially imposed and a distrust genuinely felt but a language unshared. What I have written here is merely a chronicle of reactions, immediately felt and then deliberately examined. And if I were left, after a period of turmoil and questioning, with anything approaching a large conclusion, it would again have two voices.

I believe that the Soviet people are on an ascending graph and that they know it: the climate of confidence in Soviet destiny is palpable, as is the will and capacity to pay for it. They know that they could not have afforded the democratic luxury of choice.

Yet I cannot believe that this degree of enclosure can be forever sustained. Too many Russians must be too intelligent to nourish themselves indefinitely on the synthetic food of dogma, too talented to find in technology their only expression. I have the feeling that there is in many, and will be in many more, an unquenchable desire to see the world whole and to walk freely among others. A direct and meeting gaze in the eyes of some Russians gave me the feeling that within them, too, a constant dialogue goes on. But their second voice was inaudible.

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A Cry from the Brick Streets

JOHN ROSSELLI

UNLESS you are determined to see the country as the travel posters paint it, you can hardly avoid coming across the secret England—which is the England not of remote cottages but of brick streets. Red brick, yellow brick, brick blackened with soot, two rooms upstairs, two down, the houses stretch out in long rows, huddle around factories, follow the railway line with the doggedness, almost, of telegraph poles. Though bombs and slum clearance have made holes in them, sending people to live out in apartment blocks and garden suburbs, these wastes inherited from the earliest of industrial revolutions still lie all round the heart of each great English city. Often they seem empty: the climate does not encourage people to live in the street, and even by day love of privacy keeps the front-room curtains halfway closed. In England's collective voice, too—its literature—the people from these streets have been mostly a presence in the wings, a crowd in the distance, at best a voice filtered through a distorting speaker. One of the hopeful things about England now is that at last the people of the brick streets, and of the gray but leafier suburbs they have moved out to, are beginning to speak in a voice of their own.

ALAN SILLITOE, a young, uneven, extremely talented novelist and poet who has brought out three books in the last two years and whose first novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, is now appearing as a movie, has both the luck and the misfortune to be among the first of these new voices. He is lucky because English people's obsession with the way they and their neighbors live has ensured him quicker recognition than he might otherwise have won; he could be unfortunate because, taken up as the English are with this sociological narcissism, it would not take much to ticket him for life as "that writer who really knows about semi-skilled industrial workers." The signs are, though, that Sillitoe is a good enough writer to survive the labeling. Meanwhile he is remarkable because he writes as a clear voice out of the brick streets without showing himself at all aware that such a voice is anything out of the ordinary.

The English class system is tiresome but inescapable, in literature as in life. The almost infinite ways it has of chopping up a nation, by accent, by schools, by vocabulary, by clothes, have ensured that most writers have simply not known how people lived outside their own segments of the middle class. Virginia Woolf showed herself more honest, not more ignorant, than most when she wrote, in a sympathetic preface to a collection of working-class women's writing, that she could not identify herself with the authors: "One could not be Mrs. Giles because one's body had never stood at the wash tub; one's hands had never wrung and scrubbed and chopped up whatever the meat may be that makes a miner's dinner." And although Mrs. Woolf did not try to find out what went into a miner's dinner, those who did, like George Orwell, generally got hot and bothered in a way better suited to working off their own guilt than to telling the truth. Even D. H. Lawrence had a schoolteacher mother to egg him on to gentility, and even without her he came out of the coal-mining community—the aristocracy of the British labor movement, pioneers in adult education and politics. Again, there have been proletarian novels by proletarian authors, but often dyed deep in Marxist self-consciousness. These writers and many more have taken up attitudes at bottom condescending—whether they have shown working-class people as funny, tragic, strange, or mysteriously potent, they have really been saying, "See how these people live who are so different from you and me." Sillitoe is so much inside his people's skins that you feel he could not take up an attitude toward them if he tried.

ONE REASON may be that he has chanced to bypass the two things that usually take hold of gifted young Englishmen from the brick streets and entangle them for life in a crisscross of class loyalties it takes half their energies to sort out: the university scholarship and the middle-class English wife. At thirty-two, Sillitoe is a slight, pale figure, as unremarkable at first sight as the remnant of flat, rapid Nottingham intonation in his speech, and unlike several well-publicized young English writers, he has kept his personality out of the public eye. He left school at fourteen and followed his father into the Nottingham bicycle factory that looms at the bottom of the street in several of his stories. Nobody wanted him to write—certainly not his school, to which he is grateful for leaving him alone. Toward the end of the war he had already "for some indescribable reason . . . taken to reading books"; service in the R.A.F. in Malaya and a long illness did the rest.

Sillitoe says he would have wanted to write even if he had gone back to the factory (and, reading his work, one can believe that something would have forced its way out). But tuberculosis, which kept him in the hospital for a year, is a disease with a potent effect on writers; it stimulates the mind while forcing the body to rest. It also left Sillitoe with a pension of forty-five shillings ($6.30) a week and a doctor's injunction not to work for a while. So he and his young wife, Ruth Fainlight —a New Yorker by birth and also a poet—innocently went off to a cottage inland from Menton.

"I'd read how D. H. Lawrence had gone off to Germany with thirty shillings in his pocket," Sillitoe recalls; "I didn't realize there was a time lag between him and me." Through a misunderstanding the Sillitoes arrived at the cottage to find snow on the ground and no furniture inside. "So for a week we put suitcases together and slept on them. . . . We were both city people and didn't

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even know what kind of wood we ought to gather for heating and cooking on. We got a lot of twigs and they all burnt up at once."

After two years there the Sillitoes spent four more on Majorca, piecing out the forty-five-shilling pension with English lessons and translations while Ruth worked off and on as a travel-agency courier—"It consisted mainly in making sure the lavatories flushed in houses that British holidaymakers were going to stay in," she says. And all the time Sillitoe wrote—poems, novels, and stories most of which he has since scrapped. When he and his wife decided they had had enough of being expatriates and came back to England, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* was still being rejected by three publishers in turn. (The paperback edition is now coming out in half a million copies, a high figure in Britain for a first novel that is not about war.)

Sillitoe has now published three books*: *Saturday Night,* a vigorous, mainly realistic novel of working-class life; *The General,* an allegorical novel, in my opinion a failure though politely received by critics who said it was anyhow nice to see that the author was not getting into a rut; and *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,* a collection of short stories, most of them episodes of Nottingham life in the *Saturday Night* manner. All this work dates back to Sillitoe's Majorcan days except the long title story of *The Loneliness;* since this story, the most recent, is also the best and most nearly flawless thing he has done, the outlook is encouraging.

His theme is rebellion, a theme he shares with other young English writers like John Osborne and Kingsley Amis. But the work of these others gives the impression that the things rebelled against are trivial or ill understood while the author's feelings are inexplicably intense. Sillitoe's work is about a rebellion much more profound, not just against the circumstances of life in Britain today but against all organized society, almost against life itself; yet the author's own attitude is not easy to make out. He is impersonal, a strong but anonymous voice—and this is one reason for calling him a better writer than most of his contemporaries.

To the social notetaker, the rebellion is most accessible in *Saturday Night.* Arthur Seaton is a young Nottingham factory worker who shares Sillitoe's initials, his old job, and his old address but is his direct opposite in looks. (If the book is autobiographical beyond these surface details, it must be chiefly in the sense that what Arthur is, Sillitoe might have become.) He is the man many people think of as the new prosperous British worker; he could earn more than he does if he didn't begrudge paying income tax or fear a drop in his piecework rates, and he is proud of the £100 worth of good clothes he has accumulated. Aside from this his job means nothing to him; what he enjoys is drinking, fishing, and lovemaking—through most of the book he is having an affair with Brenda, a workmate's wife, and later with her sister as well. As a self-conscious member of the British working class he is not too young at twenty-two to be marked by the depression years—even longer and grayer in Britain than in America. For the social notetaker this already dates the book by ten years or so. Now and then he is glad that under full employment his mother enjoys "week after week of good solid wages" instead of scouring the shops for a few cigarettes on credit, while his soured father is "happy at last [with television] . . . after all the years before the war on the dole, five kids, and the big misery ing that went with no money and no way to get any."

This fellow feeling for parents and relatives, though, is about as far as Arthur goes in sharing the lenity of modern English social life. "Intelligent co-operation" to him means simply "getting yourself caught in a half nelson." "I've never queued in my life," he declares, flouting a rule more widely observed in England than any Biblical commandment. Even then he does not so much thrust himself to the head of the queue as refuse to line up; his violence comes out in aimless fights and in daydreams that show him machine-gunning all the embodiments of authority—"crack - crack - crack - crack-crack—The snot-gobbling gett that teks my income tax, the swivel-eyed swine that collects our rent, the big-headed bastard that gets my goat when he asks me to go to union meetings or sign a paper against what's happening in Kenya . . ." Even when he settles down into marriage—even when the drunken, adulterous Saturday-night binge comes to a climax and gives way to the calm of Sunday morning—there is "still the vast crushing power of government against which to lean his white-skinned and bony shoulder, a thousand of its laws to be ignored and therefore broken. Every man was his own enemy, and only in these conditions could you come to terms with yourself. . . ."

Every man his own enemy: this is the bottom layer of Arthur's rebellion. Sillitoe gives him a good deal of ordinary human warmth and balance, and as it works itself out in action his settling down with young Doreen rings absolutely true. Curiously, though, the writing is at its clumsiest when Arthur persuades himself in the abstract that he can now "live with his feet on the ground" and yet not "go against his own strong grain of recklessness."

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner takes the rebellion nearly all the way and in doing so achieves a formal perfection quite unlike the exuberance of *Saturday Night.* Life as a race or flight is a trite idea; but there is something especially fitting about this soliloquy by Smith, a Borstal (reformatory) boy of seventeen, who is allowed to train for a big race by going for long solitary runs through the fields and woods and who then deliberately fumbles the race within sight of the tape. The young burglar's life is so much a fugue that as he unfolds it on his runs and during the race the image works at all points. It is not just that he sees himself as one of the "Out-law" people, committed to fighting the "In-law" people—the "pop-eyed potbellied governor" and the (far from wonderful) British police who he hopes may soon find the kicks and black eyes coming their way "like in Hungary." He has a standard of "honesty"—which means acknowledging that between Out-laws and In-laws there can

*Two already out in the United States. Knopf will publish the third, *The General,* in January.

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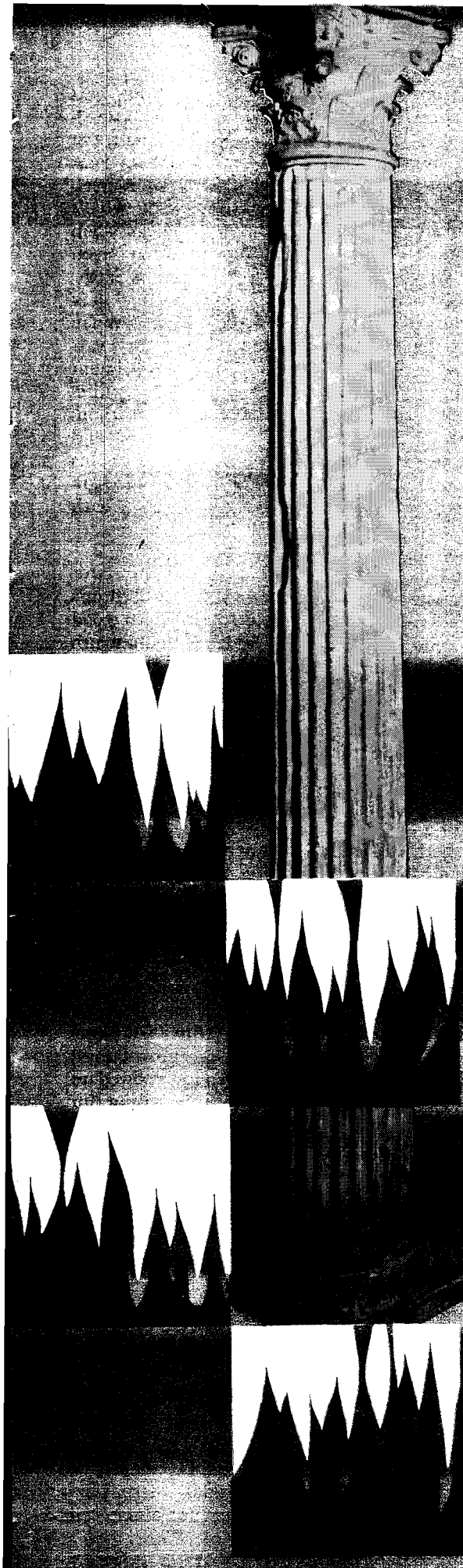

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only be war to the knife; he sometimes feels tempted to wish that In-laws like the governor would be "honest" too instead of setting him races to run—but if they were "it'd mean they'd be on my side which is impossible."

ALTHOUGH the boy gives the social notetaker enough information to "explain" his conduct (his father died messily of cancer, his mother is promiscuous), this is a story by a poet and the core of it lies elsewhere, in a passage that shows Sillitoe's writing at its best.

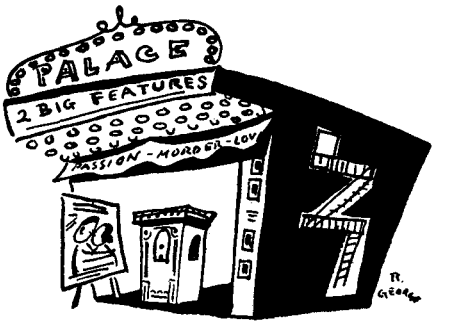
"By the time I'm half-way through my morning course, when after a frost-bitten dawn I can see a phlegmy bit of sunlight hanging from the bare twigs of beech and sycamore, and when I've measured my half-way mark by the short-cut scrimmage down the steep bush-covered bank and into the sunken lane, when still there's not a soul in sight and not a sound except the neighing of a piebald foal in a cottage stable that I can't see, I get to thinking the deepest and daftest of all. The governor would have a fit if he could see me sliding down the bank because I could break my neck or ankle, but I can't not do it because it's the only risk I take and the only excitement I ever get, flying flat-out like one of them pterodactyls from the 'Lost World' I once heard on the wireless, crazy like a cut-balled cockerel, scratching myself to bits and almost letting myself go but not quite. It's the most wonderful minute because there's not one thought or word or picture of anything in my head while I'm going down. I'm empty, as empty as I was before I was born, and I don't let myself go, I suppose, because whatever it is that's farthest down inside me don't want me to die or hurt myself bad."

But he knows that one day he will slide down too fast.

The reason for thinking that these two books are fresh and valuable while *The General* is a dreamlike short story blown up beyond its true size is not just that when Sillitoe stays in the brick streets he can write about people whose minds and feelings many Englishmen have never seriously penetrated. *The General,* written at about the same time as *Saturday Night,* has the feel of a less mature work—still by a born writer, but one who can lapse into sentences like "Evart, all through this duo-rocketting, felt uneasily as if his words were submarined harmonics of some higher meaning." A tale of a commander in an odd imaginary war (like a Korea without air power) who captures an entire symphony orchestra, it is wholly given over to making some large statement about freedom and values, yet the other two books in their seeming down-to-earthness may have far more to say on the subject.

Arthur and Smith both yearn for freedom, but they come at the very tail end of the great English anarchist tradition. Arthur foresees the day when some of the workers will choose to starve, or "play football, or go fishing up Grantham Cut," in spite of anything managers or unions or police may say. He concludes: "Well, it's a good life and a good world, all said and done, if you don't weaken, and if you know that the big wide world hasn't heard from you yet, no, not by a long way, though it won't be long now." But Arthur sounds not so much convinced that this millennium is coming as glad of an outlet for his violent feelings: against authority, both outside and within himself, in daydreams he can shoulder his machine gun. Smith, more darkly still, foresees the day when "in the end the governor is going to be doomed while blokes like me will take the pickings of his roasted bones and dance like maniacs round his Borstal's ruins."

MODERN ENGLAND offers young men like these no outlet in political violence. Until lately it could offer them the tradition of Bunyan and Blake—of the man who withstands all authority because he has had a vision of the new Jerusalem and his own soul is guide enough to lead him to it. In an apparently satisfied society it now looks as though that tradition is all but spent, and all it can manage by way of Jerusalem-seeking is little interior explosions of a hatred that fights, as much as anything, itself. Or is it simply that some Englishmen have been exploding inwardly for a century or two, unregarded until the Sillitoes came along to tell us about it?



A Far, Far Better Thing

JAY JACOBS

THE Italian director Roberto Rossellini has added little if anything to the technical aspects of his craft since his early postwar films, and consequently his latest effort, *General della Rovere,* may not have quite the impact on its audiences that *Open City* had some years ago. While the new picture hasn't much to offer in the way of innovation, it is distinguished by a degree of balance and maturity that some of the director's earlier work may have lacked, and seems to me far and away the finest thing he has done.

Just how much credit for the general excellence of the film is Rossellini's exclusive due is a moot point, since it is unthinkable that any other actor around today could have handled the title role as consummately as does Vittorio de Sica. I shall simply say the director deserves all the praise he has received (the film has garnered a hatful of international awards) and concentrate on de Sica's accomplishments from here on in, because he has turned in a performance almost without parallel in the history of the medium.

THE STORY is set in 1943, in Nazi-occupied Genoa, and traces the spiritual metamorphosis and ultimate redemption of a thoroughly odious confidence man named Bardone: an unctuous, scrounging, cowardly impostor not above gam-

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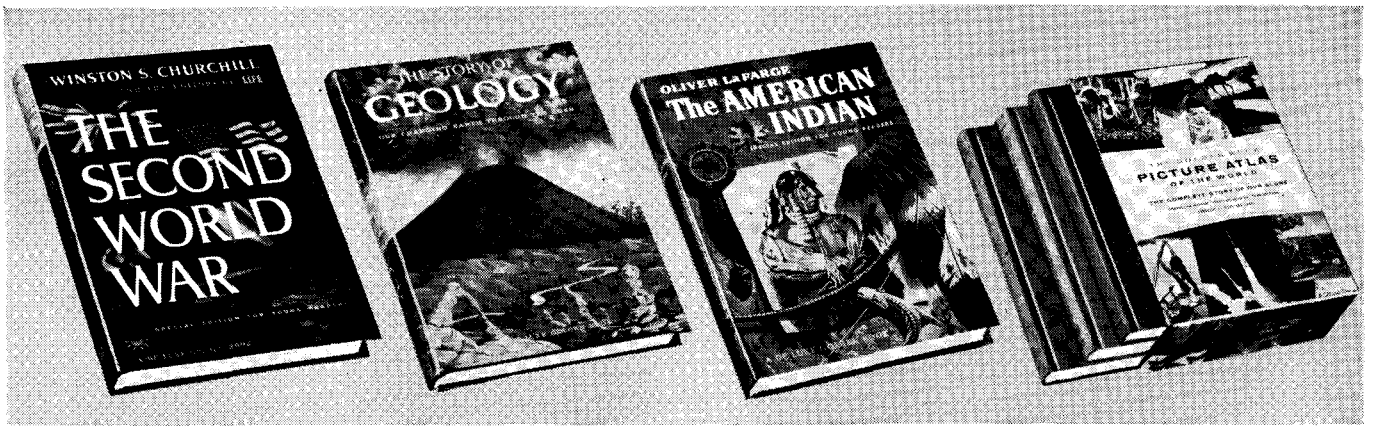

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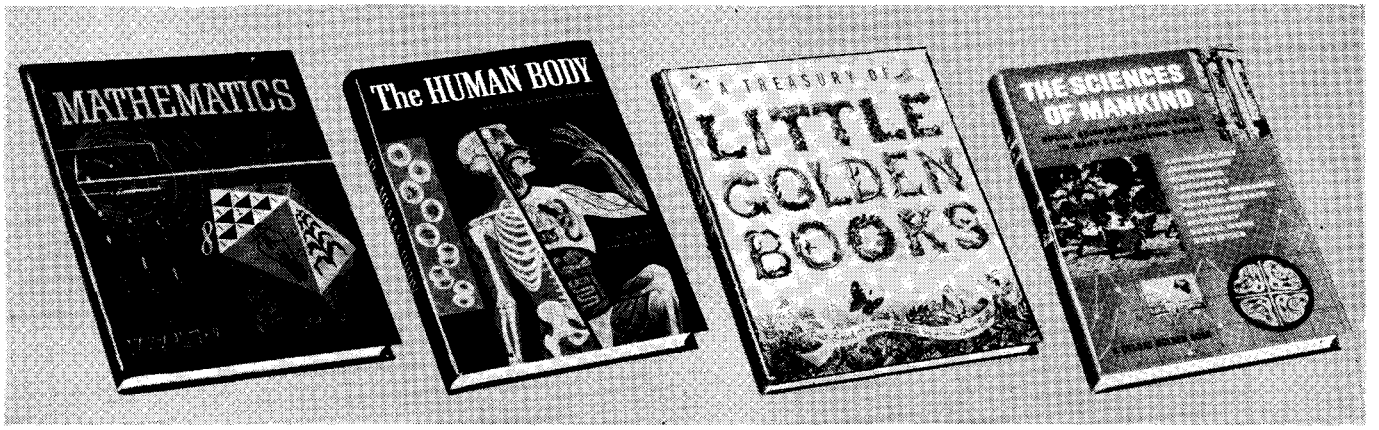

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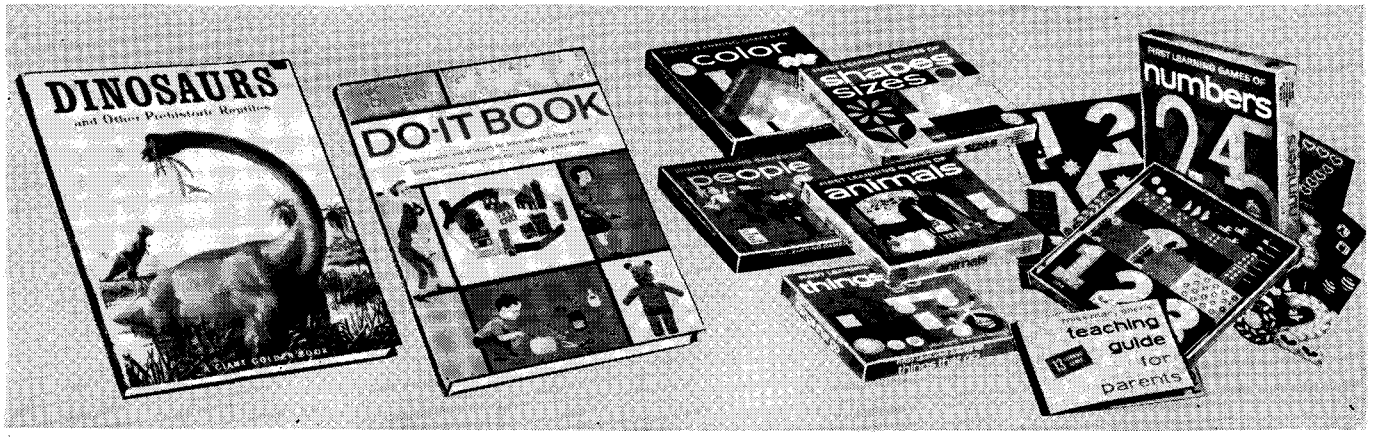

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bling away funds entrusted to him by distraught parents who believe he can ransom their sons out of concentration camps. Our con man, a civilian who calls himself Colonel Grimaldi, receives still another name and a not altogether welcome mock promotion when—as a result of pressing his usual bill of goods on a well-heeled young woman already widowed by a firing squad—he runs afoul of the neighborhood's ranking SS man. The latter, a relatively humane and completely atypical film Nazi played skillfully by Hannes Messemer, proposes that Bardone save his skin by posing as General della Rovere, an Italian hero whom the Germans have inadvertently shot and—to facilitate a scheme by which they hope to cripple partisan resistance—would like very much to resurrect in some way.

Bardone, always quick to recognize the buttery side of his bread, agrees to impersonate the general (who has ostensibly been captured) and takes up residence in a prison for war criminals, where he is to decoy a partisan leader into revealing his identity. Bardone is given a pathetic hero's welcome by his fellow prisoners; and he gradually gets so carried away by his own impersonation that, as the film draws to its conclusion, he *is* the hero he pretends to be, and—unlike the real General della Rovere, who, as it happens, panicked, bolted, and was shot in the back—dies angrily and nobly.

The apparent ease with which de Sica explores the ramifications and permutations of Bardone's flexible personality and his assumed personalities is simply astonishing. He constructs his character as mica is constructed: thin layer upon layer, each so transparent that its subtle coloration is hardly visible, until the whole has become the inevitable but nonetheless transformed sum of its parts; it is as though light were passed through a thick pack of photographic negatives and somehow produced a coherent positive. From the opening scenes, in which we find Bardone cowering behind his own impressive façade, to the final moments, when the façade has crumbled to reveal the only meaningful General della Rovere—the plain, unmagnified human being who at last realizes his real worth—there isn't a misstep or a false note. To watch de Sica closely as he diffidently announces for the first time that he is the legendary "Generale della Rovere," as he becomes more at home in his deception and begins to savor all nine rolling syllables of his assumed identity, and as the ultimate meaninglessness of these hollow sonorities comes home to him is to experience a thrill of recognition with which only the movies can—and seldom do—provide us.

I can think of very few movies one would have been the poorer for having missed. This is one.

THE THIRD PANEL in Satyajit Ray's triptych of contemporary Hindu life, *The World of Apu* (which was preceded by the widely acclaimed *Pather Panchali* and *Apajarito*), is a fragile, almost dreamily contemplative examination of the trials of young manhood. It will hardly appeal to those purists who insist that any film that doesn't move along as rapidly as a Tom and Jerry cartoon constitutes a violation of the medium; but the moviegoer who can put up with the placid tempo and childlike (and occasionally, I'm afraid, somewhat childish) simplicities of Indian existence will find it a worthwhile experience indeed. The story concerns an impecunious student who impetuously marries a total stranger to save her from a life of completely undeserved disgrace, and then falls deeply in love with her during the few months of cohabitation the fates permit them. The idyll ends abruptly when the bride dies in childbirth; and the widower, in an access of grief, renounces his child, his job, and his ambitions (which take the form of an autobiographical novel) for what amounts, more or less, to the life of a solitary beatnik. He is eventually traced to central India by an old friend, persuaded to visit his young son, and moved to accept the responsibilities of parenthood. To summarize the plot this baldly, however, is comparable to doing the same disservice to a novel by Turgenev. Mr. Ray's forte is the evocation of mood and atmosphere, and the film is replete with moments of rare beauty and tenderness.

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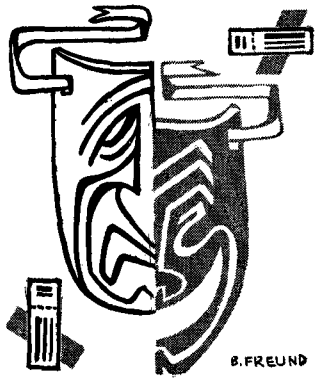
The Electronic Globe

ALBERT BUSH-BROWN

THE PLAYERS of the Harvard Dramatic Club, who presented *Troilus and Cressida* at the opening of their new theater in Cambridge on October 15, vividly and infectiously enjoyed Shakespeare, even his wordy and discursive moments, and they reveled in their new instrument, the Loeb Drama Center, toward which John L. Loeb, a New York investment banker, donated a million dollars.

It is an admirable building: a workshop, yet gay and dignified; sensitive, yet a sturdy tool; allowing great freedom and yet very exacting despite that fact. The Center gains much of its success from the client, a committee of Harvard professors who knew what they wanted the building to do. That essential condition for good architecture reflects in this instance a revolution in the dramatic arts. Essentially, the effort is to make the actor the dominant personality and to involve the audience intimately in the creation of mood and action—a process well known from the beginnings Thornton Wilder made in *Our Town*. To achieve this, the stage must be open and available, admitting change readily, and the seating must be flexible and offer no barriers to the stage, so that the space where action occurs may be molded and manipulated by light, sound, color, and motion experienced up close and at great distances, above and below.



Great strides toward new theatrical experiences have been encouraged by theatrical groups such as ANTA, AETA, and ACTA, some with support from the Ford Foundation. Summer stock and theater in the round, off-Broadway, and the small theaters at colleges and universities have also been experimenting. The main attempt has been to shake loose from the theater that has been traditional since the Renaissance—the type where, as at Vicenza, Palladio created a bank of seats facing a proscenium and a deep stage platform complete with a permanent set consisting of a city with three streets seen in perspective. This was a radical departure from the Greek theater and from the cathedral steps that formed the platform for Gothic mystery plays. It meant that the audience was remote from the spectacle and could never enjoy the immediacy or the range possible in a more flexible arrangement such as the Japanese Kabuki offers. Thirty-three Broadway houses are of the Renaissance proscenium type, often marred by distended sight lines, rent-paying balconies, bad acoustics, and interfering columns. Indeed the American musical comedy, with its strong music and visible dances, its shouted lines, its acrobatics and its whirling spectacle, is an answer to the theater that kills all chance for subtlety or nuance.

Numerous new theaters are pressing toward the new ideal. In 1951, a circular plan at the University of Miami and a hexagon at Sarah Lawrence essayed the transformation. Stratford, Ontario, has a Shakespearean theater with seats arranged around a projecting stage in a 225-degree arc. (Multipurpose uses still harm several attempts. At the University of Illinois, for instance, a colossus for 1,800 theatergoers doubles on other nights as a basketball stadium for 18,000. M.I.T.'s Kresge Auditorium suffers from multiple uses and also from a spherical form that inhibits circulation.) At Dartmouth, at Oberlin, at Wellesley, at Baylor, and at Grinnell, new theaters are also breaking free from the Renaissance form. These and others intended for Lincoln Center in New York and the National Cul-

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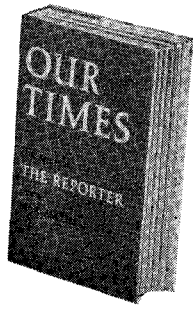

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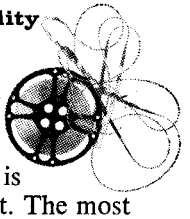

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tural Center in Washington promise imaginative theater in imaginative architecture.

But the possibilities are already visible at Cambridge now, where the architect, Hugh Stubbins, turned a neat trick by providing an attractive and compelling exterior while preventing a spacious and flexible interior from becoming so architecturally exciting as to overshadow the play. Here technology stands in the service of art, with the integration of electro-mechanical systems of a fully flexible, fully mechanized theater within an architectural setting, so that nothing raw and mechanical intrudes. In part, that was aided by George C. Izenour, of Yale's School of Theater Design, who was responsible for developing three systems: the *lighting*, which a single operator can control by manipulating a console according to a lighting score that calls for changes in colors, intensities, and directions of lighting that have been preset on a panel; the *rigging*, where thirty compact electric winches can rig and fly all sets in any position, thereby effecting economies in stagehands, ropes, counterweights, space, and supporting structure; and the *staging*, where hydraulic lifts in the pit lift and pivot platforms so that seats can be arranged to create three different types of theater: the traditional proscenium type, an Elizabethan form with a projecting apron stage and seats on three sides, or a modified theater in the round with seats facing each other across a central stage.

THE WONDER is that all the required machinery is so unobtrusive. For *Troilus*, Stephen Aaron, the director, wisely chose to select the Elizabethan theater and to keep one set and one staging throughout the play, working with lighting and action to make the space plastic, forgetting the mobility the theater might display. Seen as Aaron intended, the theater is quiet and powerful; not even the ventilating system hums.

The entrances to the auditorium are gracious, right off the sidewalk of Brattle Street, and the foyer offers ample space both to move and to be pressed by the excited crowd. One passes easily to a central entrance and moves right or left past convenient cloak alcoves to enter midway at the sides, where a passage affords a pleasant view of the audience above and to the sides. The seats are comfortable and substantial; the air is pure and comfortable; the stage is completely visible from any of the 515 seats; and there is a fine lobby for intermissions, with a spacious terrace beyond facing the garden belonging to the house of the president of Radcliffe.

For a theater of this stature it is important to have a noble and enduring play. The Center has a quiet unity, with its black ceiling, wooden baffles shielding lights, and simple forms; and the set for *Troilus* is a stark, angular cubistic acropolis: the Greek camp outside Troy, where the wantonness of Cressida and the sulkiness of powerful Achilles reveal the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Unfortunately, too many scenes were played down front, without implying the depth and range of the stage; there were few overlappings and simultaneities of scenes; and exits and entrances were slow and troublesome. Except for one long and effective departure by the fearful Cassandra and a few bounding departures by Thersites, the actors too quickly bridged the distances and lost the opportunities for long throws and the diagonals that evoke space.

But often in the latter part, especially in the scenes leading up to the battle, there were impressive groupings, and the black lighting achieved spectacular silhouettes that showed the versatility of the stage. Particularly effective was an amusing Pandarus titillating an inquisitive but seemingly uninterested Cressida with descriptions of the parading generals. The two stood downstage peering over the edge while the generals passed in review at midstage behind them. The same clever device asked the audience's participation in the scene where Troilus bitterly learns of Cressida's infidelity: Troilus and a brilliant Ulysses, who never failed to command the entire stage, stood down front facing the audience, while Cressida and Diomedes, also facing the audience, conducted their tryst on the acropolis upstage. It was a good illusion that suggested much for Cambridge theater in the years to come.

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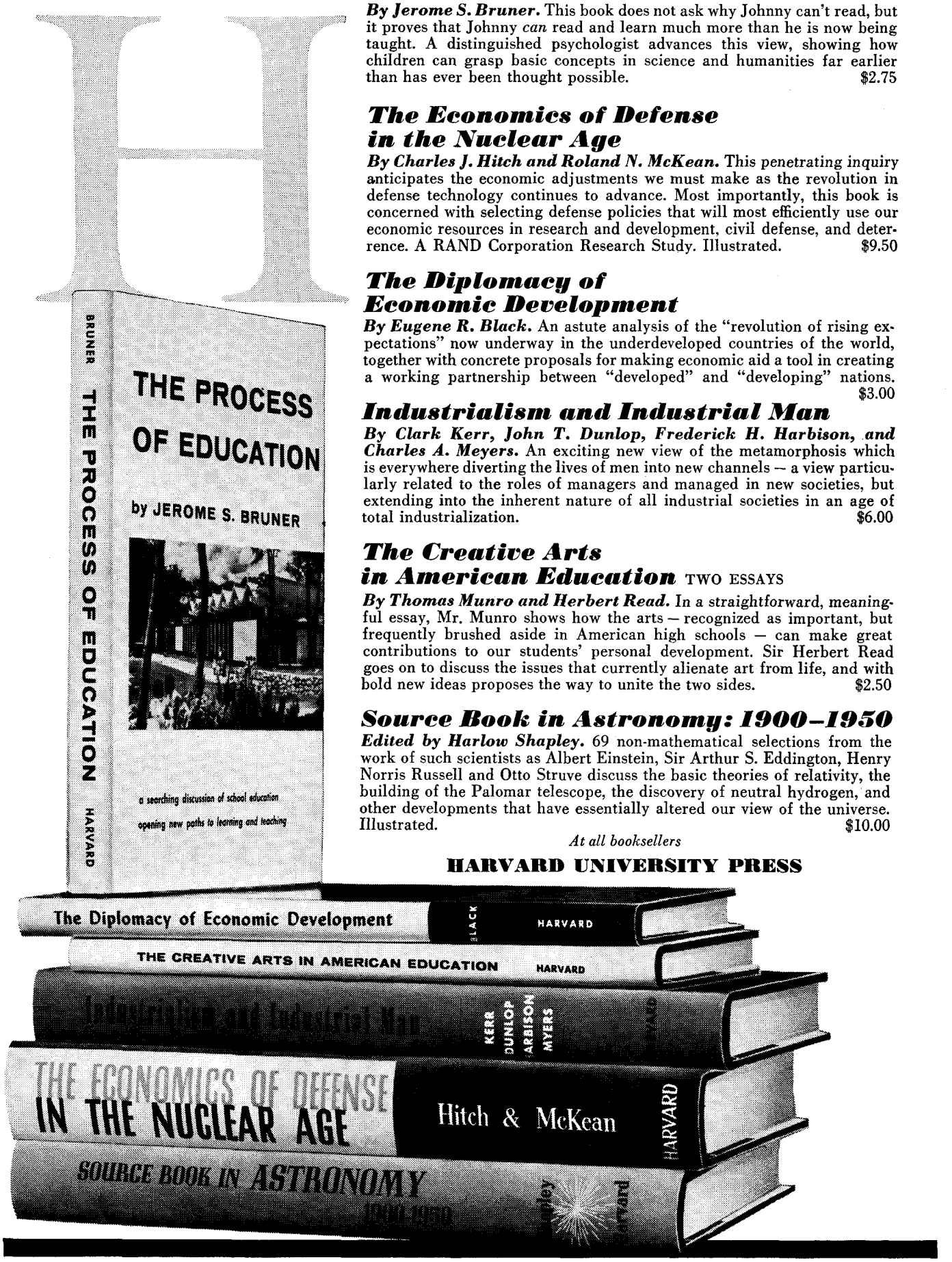

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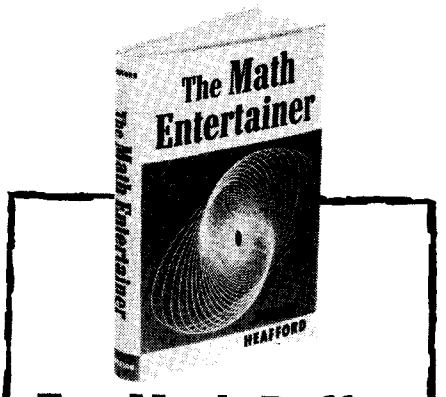

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RALPH McGILL

THE BURDEN OF SOUTHERN HISTORY, by C. Vann Woodward. *Louisiana State University Press. $3.50.*

Back in 1938 when I sat down to read C. Vann Woodward's *Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel,* I knew right away that I was reading Southern history and that previously I had wasted too much time on stuff that fitted Henry Ford's definition of history as "bunk." Indeed, I never managed to condemn Mr. Ford for that statement, because there was always the chance he had been reading the more popular Southern historians.

When I had done with the Watson book I was so stirred I went by bus, car, and rail over the old Populist areas of south Georgia hunting up old men who had been fierce Watson adherents and who had seen men killed and beaten for so being. He was a strange and tragic man, Tom Watson, a harsh mixture of good and evil. He left his mark deeply on my region. But, though I had read much, I never had a good window through which to look at him and the Populist period in the South, of which he became a major symbol, until Vann Woodward opened it.

Reunion and Reaction (1951) was light in darkness. *Origins of the New South* (1951) for the first time brought the South fully into focus. *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* (1955) contributed sanity when the White Citizens' Councils and the Southern politicians were strenuously advocating, and practicing, madness. Woodward has never compromised with the racist politicians or apologists for those so-called customs which the Citizens' Councils insist they hold most dear. Nor has he even once been of any comfort to those Southern newspaper editors and columnists whom the novelist James Street once described as "bellhops of Southern reaction." The Southerner who reads Vann Woodward learns what has happened to him and his region, but he does not feel pardoned, and certainly not excused, for what is wrong. He is given a pride in the best of his history and is encouraged through understanding to make no peace with those who strive to keep the South separate from America and her future.

In short, I am a Woodward fan.

HIS NEWEST BOOK consists of eight essays which, with one exception, have already appeared in various publications during the past eight years. The exception is "A Southern Critique for the Gilded Age," in which Woodward presents Herman Melville, Henry Adams, and Henry James, each in the role of indirect critic of the post-Civil War American society. With artificial nostalgia, they extolled the superiority of the old Southern tradition of leisure based on slavery in literary works featuring a Confederate hero who censured Yankee morals and manners. Adams did so under a pen name, and James was careful to have his hero denounce slavery and the Confederate war policies, but all three mourned, in the manner of Miniver Cheevy, for the perfection of Greek culture which each wistfully imagined was the hallmark of the old slave South.

In "The Historical Dimension" Woodward takes up the Southern writers who came along beginning about 1929. They had, and most still have after more than three decades, an acute historical consciousness. A great deal of this consciousness, however, is pretty thin stuff. It is often merely narrow partisanship in which a genuine regional consciousness is difficult to identify. This obsession with the past distinguishes many Southern writers, and also can become quite tiresome.

The Southern Agrarians, who in 1930 took their stand on the values of the Old South, along with Melville *et al.,* have long ago departed Vanderbilt University and Nash-

(*Continued on page 51*)

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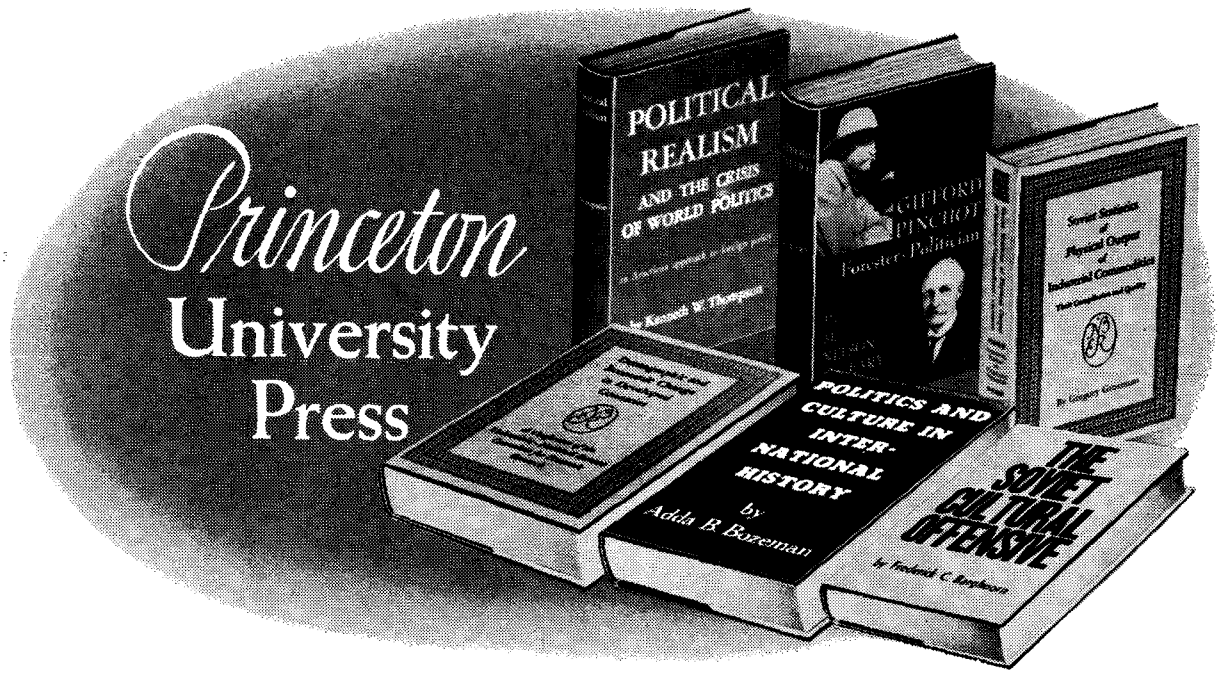

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 19

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
172 66 178 10 118 54 90
String toys or trousers. (3,4)

B
72 150 216 160 158 38 100 106
With Word F, famous Latin exclamation. (1,7,1,5)

C
70 148 6 83 184 40 56 120 194 10 212 62 190 14
"Whatsoever passeth through the_____" (5,2,3,4) Psalm 8.

D
60 208 92 180 136 96
To raise a design in a fabric by pressing.

E
130 58 110 164 2 174 192 68 116 140 26 152 88 42 8 Least parts (4,3,7)

F
196 86 182 222 48
See Word B.

G
52 156 168 34 154 214 46
Most unremitting.

H
28 162 4 64 140 186 218 36 20
Ship Hornblower defeated twice in the Pacific. C.S. Forester, Beat to Quarters.

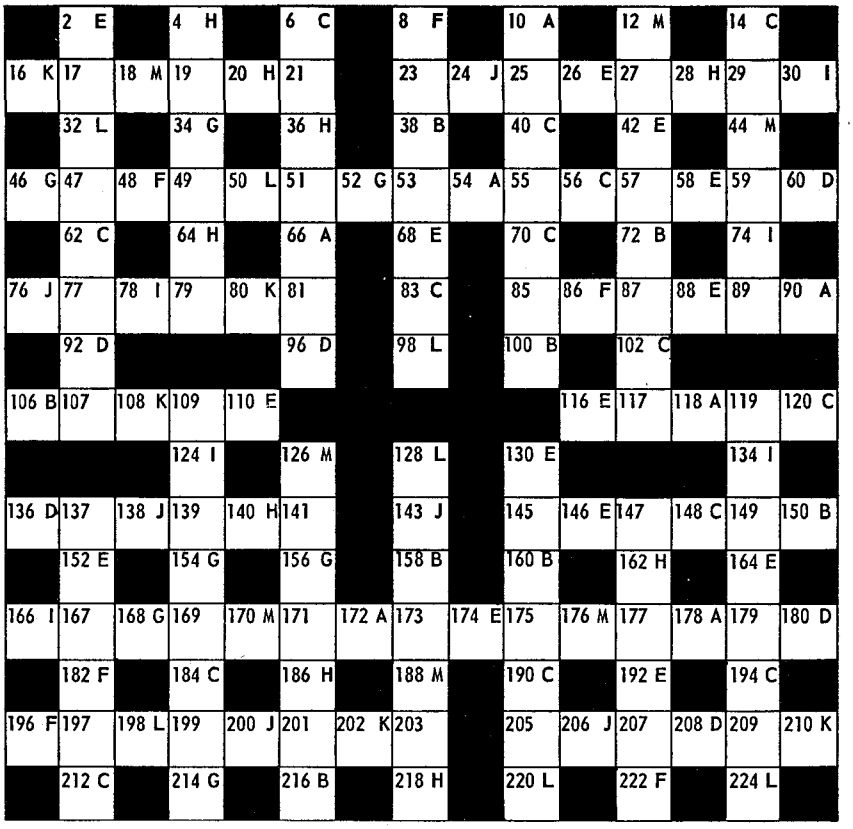
I
78 134 124 74 166 30
Small Mediterranean vessels.

J
143 206 200 138 24 76
Effects of pollen on seed or fruit.

K
202 108 16 80 210
Author of Emperor and Galilean, etc. al.

L
50 224 198 128 220 32 98
Persistently annoys.

M
176 44 126 18 188 170 12
Soiled.



Across

16. Five hundred in North African port may walk.
23. Former speaker is a drink too?
46. Another title of Acrostician. (3,6,2,4).
76. Six in old Rome hear French head of six.
85. Scientist mere coals.
106. Batboy known? Why not? He heads a monastery.
116. A famous lover toils.
136. Sat in a lee? No. Yes, ask in Tel-Aviv for an undergarment.
145. Atlas wears half his doublet finally.
166. Comparable to letter--writing.
196. Not an extremity in the act of giving displeasure. (6,2)
205. One may be a naval secretary.

Down

2. Let the bat be at the lowest point.
4. Tasty item in the same place in short in a doublet.
6. Five o'clock necessities ease the doublets. (3,4)
8. Help! Moth (in clothes, but it refines.)
10. Porter, nothing! He's a state cop.
12. Bides with a full house and sheds garments to stay.
14. Sire embraces 2000. He'll get hot.
109. Cuts, old boy? Let's face them.
126. How Hamlet addresses the players, when he dies at bay.
128. Formerly, Ezra. Explain!
130. Wedge periods of power which never came for Alice.
137. Fool around in ski clothes. The coil's out of South African gorges.
147. British poet in Ireland or Scotland.

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ville. Only Donald Davidson remains on the burned-out deck as a sort of Dixie mullah, daily facing toward John C. Calhoun's grave and calling on all those engaged in trying to grapple with the new problems to repent and pray for a return of the Old South. Dr. Davidson, a deeply sincere man, winces at the phrase "segregated society." The South, he insists, had developed not a segregated but a parallel society which, he seems to believe, has been highly satisfactory in its values to both races.

Now and then one gets the impression that Woodward, too, is disturbed by the sound of bulldozers that are leveling traditions as well as trees, but he is too honest a man and historian to give aid and comfort to the various wistful cultists of the old days, be they Melville or the newer breed.

It is, of course, perfectly true that the South is a distinctive region. This is so not at all because of its myths and ancestor worship; it stems from the collective experience of the Southern people. Generations of scarcity, want, and a lost war do constitute one of the distinctive historical experiences of the Southern people. Americans outside the South have not known the chastening experience of being on the losing side of a war. Success and victory are an American state of mind. That of the South does include large amounts of defeat, frustration, and failure.

Southerners, says Woodward in the excellent essay "Search for Identity," have lauded the perfection of American institutions since the Declaration of Independence. But for half that time they lived intimately with a great social evil and the other half with its aftermath. Much of the South's intellectual energy went into a desperate effort to convince the world that its peculiar evil was a positive good, but—and here is the point—it failed even to convince itself.

"The South's preoccupation was with guilt," Woodward declares, "not with innocence, with the reality of evil, not with the dream of perfection. Its experience in this respect, as in several others, was on the whole a thoroughly un-American one."

All this is true. And the average Southerner is not yet aware of what his heritage is. Selections from Woodward are not yet required reading in Southern secondary schools. In many of them the old myths, somewhat less iridescent, are still being vended.

I couldn't agree more positively with Woodward's conclusion: "The modern Southerner should be secure enough in his national identity to escape the compulsion of less secure minorities to embrace uncritically all the myths of nationalism." He should, therefore, be ready to become an American national in spirit and mind, without becoming a nationalist.

After all, what really makes the Southerner's heritage "different" is that the South's power structure of 1861 preferred to plunge the nation into a civil war rather than give up the profits obtained from cotton, rice, tobacco, and slavery. This is oversimplified, but it is the nut of the matter. The modern Southerner owes the heritage of that decision no more than understanding. Once he understands, he is freed and an almost literal weight falls from his mind and back.

The unique and lavish good fortune this country has known has isolated it, rather dangerously, from the common experience of the rest of mankind, "all the great peoples of which have without exception known the bitter taste of defeat and humiliation." This good fortune, says Woodward in the essay from which he has taken the title of his book, has fostered the tacit conviction that American ideals, values, and known principles inevitably will prevail in the end. Still, we Americans are exasperated by the incongruities of our position. We have more power than ever before, and enjoy less security.

The South's history presents an ironic contrast. In 1860 the South had grown so sensitive to criticism and the apparent denials of its proclaimed virtues that its exasperations led to disaster.

In 1960 we have shown, according to Woodward, a tendency to allow our whole cause, our traditional values, and our way of life to be identified with one economic institution. We have shown a disposition

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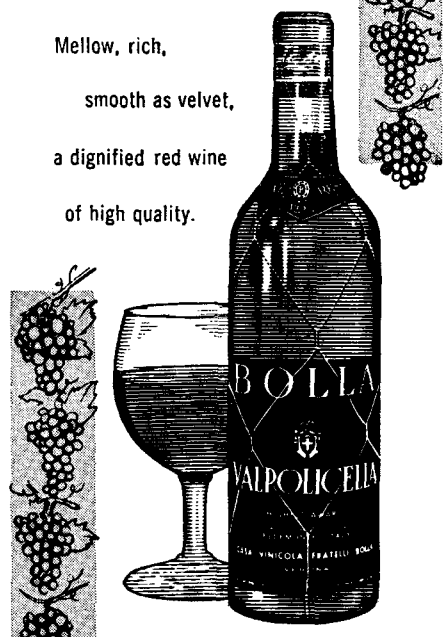

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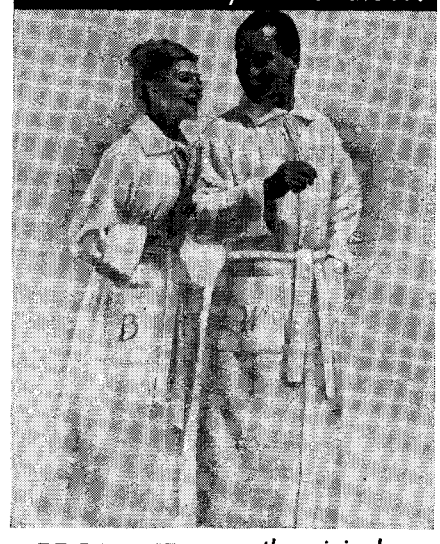
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to suppress criticism and glorify rigidly orthodox capitalistic free enterprise as the sole secret of our superiority. Any and all attempts to change this orthodoxy historically have been met with charges of socialism, creeping and galloping. We have too often sought to impose our form of democracy on all those allied with us or aided by us. Of late many shrill voices demand that we affirm our national perfection.

Today it is America, as once it was the South alone, that stands in great need of understanding its own history. We need leaders, historians, and great writers who will "penetrate the legend" without destroying the ideal. Some of this leadership and those writers may reasonably be expected to rise out of the South.

Capping The Spring

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

The Trend Is Up, by Anthony West. *Random House. $4.95.*

This is the story of a lad from New England who decides to make a lot of money. He moves to Florida, makes a small fortune, marries a Marquand-type girl from home who is in need of a husband, has children, goes to war, and returns to make a big fortune. As this wealth accumulates, he, and especially his wife, decay. Rarely has there been a novel by a good writer that is more in need of cutting. Odd characters wander aimlessly in and out to no essential purpose. One statuesque but artificial blonde, improbably cast as a governess, comes into the story twice —once available but frigid and then, after some hormone shots, available and almost uncontrollably responsive. Toward the end the alcoholic wife, at least temporarily dried out, goes on a camping tour of Turkey and the adjacent desert which makes the movements of the late Lemuel Gulliver a model of plausibility by comparison. I suspect Mr. West of using John O'Hara's device of relieving tedium by tumbling his characters into a bed or the nearest available substitute at regular intervals. But Mr. West lacks his mentor's mastery of detail, and something is lost for the average reader from the circumstance that the sexes are so often the same.

Yet I am persuaded that *The Trend Is Up* is a novel with an important point, although I am not impressed by what happened to the people. Gavin Hatfield is a lot more civilized and sensitive than the average Florida moneymaker and remains so to the end. His wife could just as easily have become a high-class rumpot, to use Damon Runyon's term, had her need for a husband taken her to some *rentier's* house in Dedham or Chestnut Hill. I could not make out what was supposed to have happened to the children; they seemed to me both better and more ordinary than one might have expected.

The society and community of which the Hatfields form such an important part becomes progressively more banal, a feature which Mr. West communicates to the reader with amusing skill. Thus the town of Maramee, where Hatfield made his pile, was founded by a small-bore pirate named Pedro Nunez who had landed there in the distant past to butcher some Indians and rape their women. He returns each year to participate in ceremonies that are the climax of a gay civic festival. In recent years the skull and bones have disappeared from his ensign; only the cross remains. As he lands, he is preceded by a prelate. Not even the early Eisenhower administration could have outdone him in piety.

But Mr. West reserves his talent not for the degradation of the people or the community but for the effect of the commercial culture on the countryside. The town to which Gavin Hatfield came some thirty years ago was a pleasant place in a green and graceful land. There was still some unsightly wreckage from the boom of the twenties, but this—the great welcoming arch on the highway near town was one example —was becoming mellow and innocuous. Not far from town, in a grove of live oaks, a great spring boiled up from the ground to make a spot of pure enchantment.

This was all destroyed. The trees

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were cut down. The spring was capped and piped. Even the old arch made way for a multilane highway which cut at an efficient angle across the park. The roads are a great commercial asset, so naturally they are lined with billboards and messy commercial enterprises. After his wife leaves him, Gavin Hatfield deserts the incongruous but ample and personable house where he had raised his family and moves to the rectangular and harmonized surroundings of a hotel penthouse.

I think Mr. West may have been inviting concern for his people. But it is the countryside for which he makes one weep. Indeed, if his people are degraded and destroyed, it will not be by the wealth but by the ugliness that they have created.

What Happened To the Future?

HILTON KRAMER

THEORY AND DESIGN IN THE FIRST MACHINE AGE, by Reyner Banham. *Praeger. $12.50.*

Few movements in the arts have promised more far-reaching changes in our lives than those put forward by the great theorists and practitioners of modern architecture and design. From Ruskin and William Morris in the nineteenth century to the modernist thinkers of the De Stijl and Bauhaus groups in the twentieth, we have been treated to an amazing series of Utopian visions which claimed, in one degree or another, to improve on the conditions of life by means of designs that would radically alter our physical environment. Whereas our poets have tended to look upon the machine age as a threat to the survival of humane values, the visionaries of the modern movement in design have welcomed the technology of our century as the key to a better world. It was not only fanatical rhetoricians like Marinetti, the intellectual leader of the Futurists, who looked upon the inherited culture of the past as a corpse that would finally be buried by the machine-made civilization to come. Even so gentle a thinker as the Dutch painter Piet Mondrian, himself the leader of a school of abstraction that was often accused of a detachment from life and the only artist of that persuasion whose work can seriously be compared to the great art of the past, wrote an essay not long before his death sixteen years ago in which he declared: "In the future, the realization of pure plastic expression in palpable reality will replace the work of art. . . . Then we will no longer have the need of pictures and sculpture, for we will live in realized art." Visions of the future that have drawn their inspiration from modern design have rarely been less than total.

Yet, for all the dreams that have been offered us in the name of new and better worlds, we have lived to see both modern design and the technology it serves become the instruments of bureaucracy, standardization, and dehumanization on a mass scale. Everything from our traffic jams to the refrigerated air and light in which modern office workers spend the bulk of their waking life makes us cynical about the high spiritual promises of modern design. We are left, in fact, with the conviction that, far from determining the shape of the world we live in, our architecture and design have dragged along behind the momentum of modern life, providing elegant physical containers for a style of living that the designers (as well as the rest of us) have been helpless to change for the better.

REYNER BANHAM, the brilliant architectural critic of the *New Statesman* and intellectual mainstay of the London *Architectural Review*, has written a book which clearly outlines the principal theories and achievements of European architecture and design in the first three decades of the century. Though clearly partisan to the accomplishments of modern architecture, Mr. Banham nevertheless leaves one with a vivid sense of the great discrepancies that separate promise from fulfillment in this sphere. *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age* is in some ways an odd book:

XPEIAZETAI BOHOEIA*

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scholarly and even pedantic at times, it is written all the same in a very lively style, full of thrusts and gibes at accepted reputations and received opinion. It conveys a graphic and often moving picture of the personal intellectual struggles that have determined the course of modern design, and yet Mr. Banham is clearly not interested in personalities as such but only in the degree to which a particular personality, a special outlook, a new or freshly stated idea, made a difference in what was actually thought and built. His book has at times an almost cinematic construction; it "cuts," often very abruptly, from close-ups of particular documents and manifestoes to a more detached and historical view of what concepts and precedents actually determined—apart from rhetorical obfuscation—the way certain buildings were designed and made.

As a historian not only of buildings but of ideas, Mr. Banham has obviously felt the need to come up with a style of exposition that would accommodate a rather lumpy assortment of materials: pedagogical theories, architectural histories, avant-garde proclamations, technological advances, the commerce of building, and the often subtle dialectic of received precedent and genuine innovation. He has succeeded, I think, by adopting a somewhat breathless but admirably concise approach to the whole tangle of movements, theories, and net results in this field, and one of the main reasons for his success is what can only be called a genius for apt quotation. As a result, *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age* is, *inter alia*, a brilliant anthology of the principal theoretical positions in the modern movement.

The whole panorama of early twentieth-century design in Europe is covered in detail. As Mr. Banham states in his introduction, he conceives the entire evolution of the theory and design of modern architecture to have taken place under the aegis of two basic attitudes of mind: Futurist dynamism on the one hand and academic caution on the other. He thus deals not only with the major figures and styles of the avant-garde—with Gropius, Oud, Mondrian, van Doesburg, Mendelsohn, Malevitsch, Lissitsky, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, Klee, Moholy-Nagy, Duchamp, Marinetti, Boccioni, and the dozens of other artists, designers, and publicists who created what we still regard as "modern"—but also with the academic tradition that remained a hidden but fundamental source of modernist achievements. In fact, Mr. Banham's chapters on the influence of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and particularly of Julien Guadet's compendium of its principles, of the writings of Auguste Choisy and Geoffrey Scott, of the early buildings of Garnier, Perret, and Behrens, are fully as persuasive and as relevant to his accounts of modernism as anything he says about the later and more obviously dynamic events. This is historical writing of the first order; it leaves one's sense of the period permanently clarified. One will never again be able to regard the academic and the avant-garde as quite so disengaged from each other's pursuits as the old polemics tried to make out.

For all his scholarly documentation, however, Mr. Banham's view of the modern movement as a mingling of innovation and academic precedent is arrived at (one suspects) as much from the leaning of his own mind as from the evidence at hand. It is doubtless true of all historical writing—and it is surely true of Mr. Banham's—that the past brought so vividly to life has a curiously precise resemblance to the contours of the author's own outlook. Mr. Banham is at once a historian (concerned with the past) and a polemical critic (concerned to influence the future). In the latter role his prose, particularly as it is displayed in his introductory essay, fairly shimmers with the old-time religion of the machine. Like many historians of the modern period, he suffers from a nostalgia for something promised but not yet realized. His partiality to Futurism, which after all produced little or nothing in the way of functioning architecture, can only be explained by his sharing in its longing for a complete break with the past. Yet the past is Mr. Banham's vocation. He is, in a way, a Futurist historian, which is practically a contradiction in terms. His real subject matter,

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though it focuses on the past, as histories must—even the Futurists couldn't change that—is the nagging question that Futurism and all the modern movements have left on our doorstep: *What has happened to the future?* It once looked so brave and beautiful; it once held out such lofty dreams of freedom and realization. Like everyone else, Mr. Banham has no answer. But unlike most other writers on the subject, Mr. Banham has given us an account of the recent past that will figure importantly in any constructive thinking about the future.

An Uncanny Aim

ANN BIRSTEIN

THE GO-AWAY BIRD AND OTHER STORIES, by Muriel Spark. *Lippincott. $3.75.*

Muriel Spark is the kind of writer so many people have discovered for themselves that she is finally reaching the wide audience she deserves. Not only is she good, at her best there is no one like her, and she writes in a voice that is distinctly her own. Mrs. Spark's special quality, because she *is* inimitable, is very hard to describe. It is a strange mixture of the most penetrating seriousness and also the illusion that, like some comedian famous for his timing, she is throwing away her best lines: "The Black Madonna had been given to the church by a recent convert. It was carved out of bog oak. . . . 'Looks a bit like contemporary art.' . . . 'It's old-*fashioned*. Else how'd it get sanctioned to be put up?'" To this very dark Virgin, Lou Parker decides to pray for a child. It is a natural decision, since Mrs. Parker is "not a snob, only sensible," and of such advanced opinions that she considers Jane Austen "too Victorian," and counts among her friends two very dark, shiny gentlemen from Jamaica. Naturally, however, when her prayers are rewarded by a pitch-black baby, it is all too much for her. She gives it away. And does the local priest think she has done a good thing? her husband asks. "No, not a *good* thing. In fact, he said it would have been a good thing if we could have kept the baby. But failing that, we did the *right* thing. Apparently, there's a difference."

It has been suggested that one of the reasons Mrs. Spark's work was slow to catch on in the beginning is that, like all very funny writers, she was not always taken seriously. This is true; but now that she has caught on, I think that perhaps a worse injustice is being done her, and that is the tendency to regard her as essentially a stylist and to refer to her work as "flawless" or "seamless." A dubious compliment, and the kind often paid to lady writers, who are not, as a group, inclined to chest thumping and other forms of literary violence. But the suggestion is that more attention is paid to making those little seams invisible than to anything else. Actually, Mrs. Spark is always deeply involved with her subject, and her range is extraordinary and sometimes terrifying. Those who have read her novel *Memento Mori* (now in a Meridian paperback) know that death is a frequent and not unfriendly visitor in her work. In this collection, the narrator of one story, "The Portobello Road," is a girl murdered five years before; another concerns Selwyn MacGregor, "the nicest boy who ever committed the sin of whiskey," who contemplates corruption from his home by the side of a graveyard; and "The Go-Away Bird" itself, a lovely and subtle novella, is about a young girl doomed, no matter how much the call of a bird lures her away from Africa, to submit to a tragically ironic death there.

Mrs. Spark's habit is to hit lightly and then back away, and as a rule her aim is uncanny. Where she is most likely to miss is, I think, in some of her shorter work. Like all writers who attempt to turn our heads in a direction we had not thought of looking before, she needs time to accustom us to this unfamiliar perspective. Otherwise, the effect is not so much fleeting as too constricted, and there are several stories in this collection where one wishes she had lingered longer and tried for more. But where she does allow herself this latitude—as in "The Go-Away Bird" and "The Black Madonna"—the effect is unexpectedly powerful.

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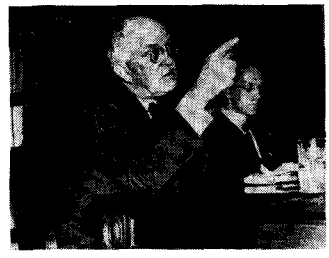

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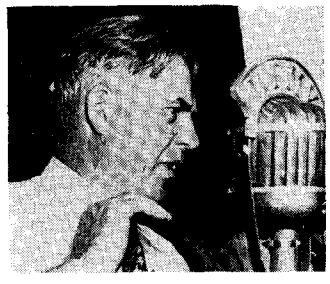

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Easter Dawn

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD, by Sergey Aksakov. Newly translated with an Introduction by Alec Brown. *Random House: Vintage Russian Library. $1.65.*

Aksakov's childhood was spent on his family's country estate deep in central Russia, far from the fashionable world of St. Petersburg or Moscow. Because this Russian child's memories of the countryside and the seasons are so much like those of any American who can remember a country childhood in a land as yet uncluttered with automobiles—chestnuts roasting beneath raked-up autumn leaves, skids placed under carriage wheels before attempting the steep descent, getting down from the carriage to walk beside it up the steep hill, wild geese in formation overhead, wild flowers piercing the snow in spring, rivulets from the melting snow—it comes as a surprise to read that the child Aksakov one day heard his parents announce that the Empress Catherine was dead and how dreadfully in bad taste it was that the provincial governor was giving a ball in order to show his delight in her successor.

Aksakov was born in 1791. Because an American so easily shares his nostalgia it comes as a surprise, too, that his family had serfs, villages of them, and that they knelt in the fields when the family sallied forth in their carriage to observe them at work. But it comes as no surprise at all that the child Aksakov should wonder, with the American, why there was such a disparity between those born to command and those born to obey. The Russian child asked his parents—they were very kind, not despots, even ineffectual—and they had no answer. The child watched his grandmother inspect a bundle of goat's down that a serf had been carding for the spinning wheel: there were coarse hairs in it. "Grandmother held it to the light, then . . . with one hand grabbed this girl by her hair, while with the other she fetched out a plaited whip from under the pillows and began to thrash the poor girl . . . I ran away."

Passing centuries mean nothing: the Russian child was as sensitive to pleasure and to pain—and as lachrymose when confronted with either—as the young Jean-Jacques Rousseau (or the young Saint Augustine); he was as desperately in love with his mother as was Proust; but it is hard to find anyone (Wordsworth, Thoreau, perhaps, or rather, a painter?) with whom his love of nature and the grace and precision with which he portrays it can be compared. "But who would have read, who would have bothered with writing, when the sweet wild cherry bloomed, when the buds on the birches were breaking . . . when from morning till night the skylarks hung in the air . . . when the small tortoiseshell and brimstone butterflies came fluttering past and the bumble bees and the honey bees buzzed about me, when there was motion in the waters and a murmuring on dry land, a quiver in the air. . . ."

That Easter morning the child overslept; already the sun was high. The child ran to the window: "The dear sun's dancing," he cried out, "rejoicing in Christ's resurrection."

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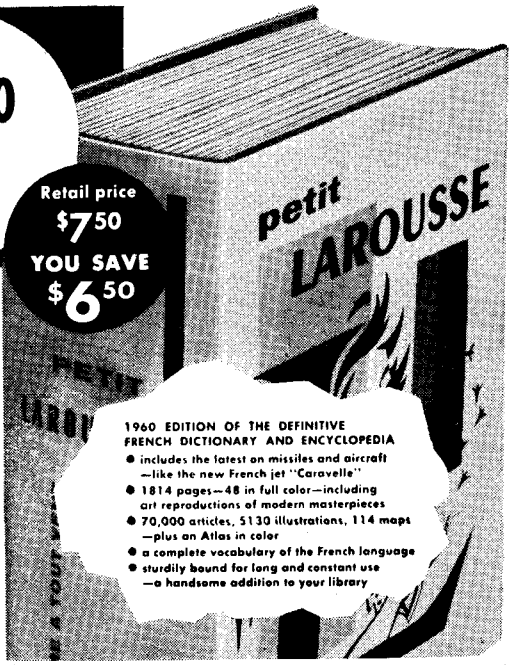

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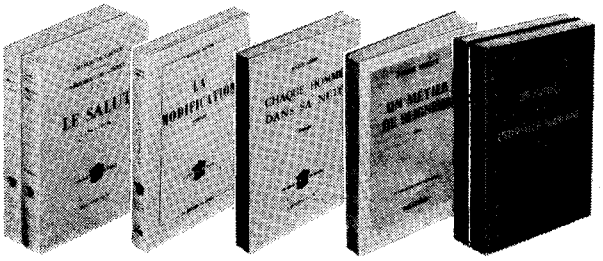

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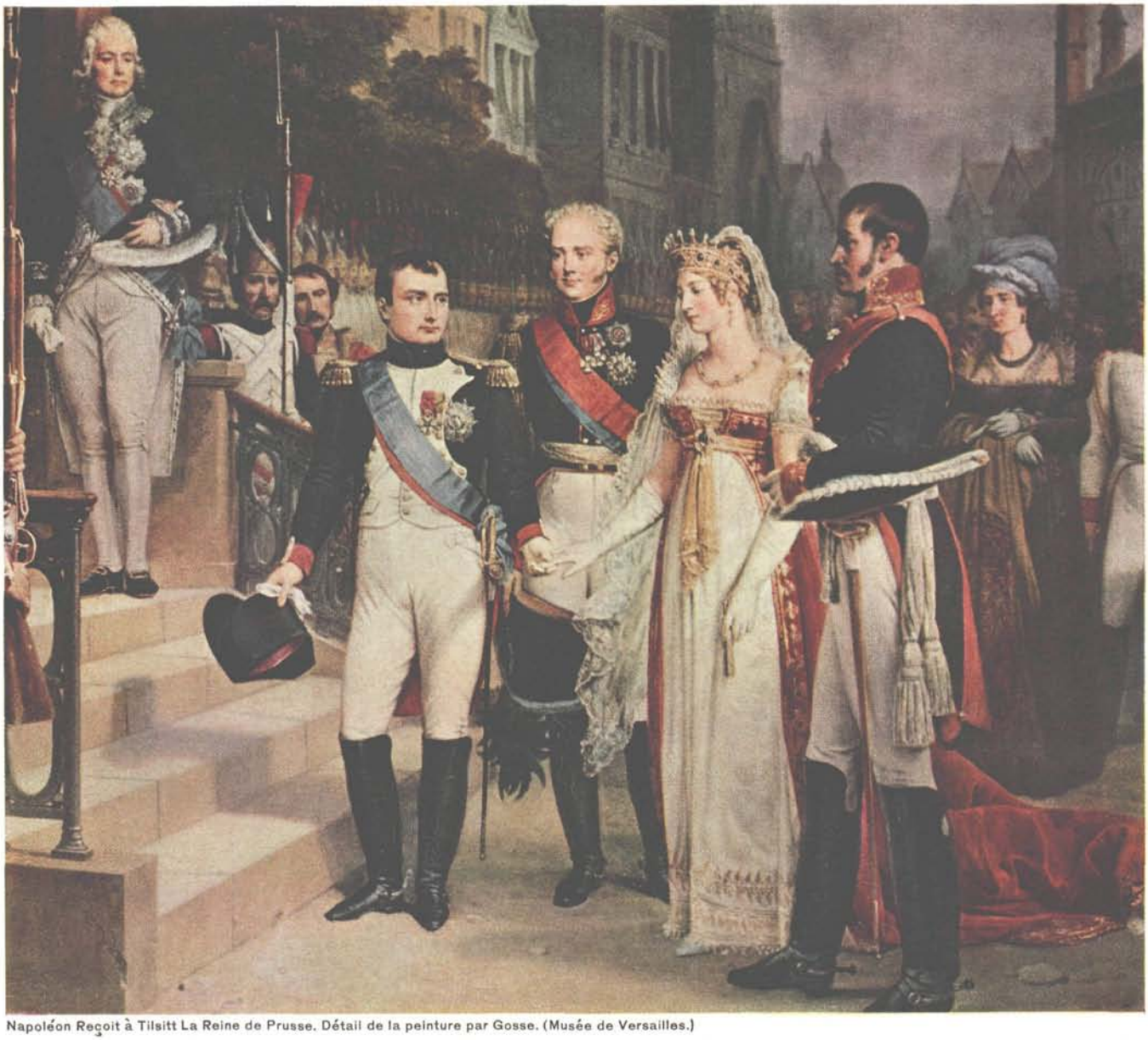

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